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METHODIST HEROES OF OTHER DAYS

SAMUEL GARDINER AYRES

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Methodist Heroes Of Other Days

By
SAMUEL GARDINER AYRES

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DEDICATED

TO

MY FATHER

THE REV. DAVID CLOUGH AYRES

AND TO THOSE WHO WERE HIS COLABORERS IN THE ACTIVE WORK OF THE METHODIST MINISTRY FOR FORTY YEARS WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THE TROY CONFERENCE. HE TAUGHT ME TO LOVE THE CHURCH AND THEM.

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

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PREFATORY NOTE

Part of these sketches have appeared in the Western Christian Advocate, and one in the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate. The rest appear for the first time. The stories used are gathered from old papers, biographies, local histories, and reminiscences of aged people.

INTRODUCTION

THE present generation of Methodists, it is feared, know few of the names of the Methodists of former days, and still less of the manners and speech of the olden time. Some have an idea that the preachers were uneducated, ignorant ranters, and that their hearers were emotional and easily impressed.

The preachers of the early days were sometimes ignorant men, but filled with the love of Christ and burning with zeal to extend his kingdom. Many were graduates of "Brush College," as they facetiously called the itinerant method of study. Their saddlebags contained their library, and whenever they could they studied. Whenever an older preacher was met the younger one would ask questions and receive instruction and advice.

The times were such that there was a greater opportunity for the development of individuality than now. So some eccentric men arose, such as Lorenzo Dow, whom some men refused to allow in the pulpit, not understanding him and having no patience with him. We must not lose sight of the fact that they were greater than their oddities, and that they were used as the instru-

ments of God in winning many men to Jesus Christ. To-day the stories of their eccentricities amuse us, and we are apt to forget that they were flaming evangels.

The ministers of the olden time were of the stuff of which heroes are made. They were in labors abundant, in journeys oft and far. They suffered from hunger and thirst, from perils from men and beasts, from poverty and toil. Yet they failed not nor faltered, but were faithful unto the end.

They secured great results, for above all else they were men of great faith. They took God into partnership, and he was often drawn upon, and always acknowledged the draft. Thus out of the trials was evolved sainthood, and out of their sanctification came glorification.

They were men who were great in prayer. They often trod the way into the Holy of holies. They were importunate in their faith. They expected to receive an answer, and so it came.

Their training was such that they read human nature like an open book. It seemed at times as if they were inspired. Their messages brought hidden things to light, and made the greatest braggarts quake.

They were all things to all men, yet they never ceased to be manly, noble, and true. Their lives were a rebuke to other men because of their

purity. Their fearlessness was a challenge to the powers of evil to do their worst. They were great defenders of the faith. They defended the truth against Calvinists, Arians, deists, and Universalists. Rarely were they beaten. They had to defend their flock from the proselyter, the infidel, and rum, and they did it bravely and valiantly.

All hail to our Methodist preachers of olden days! From them we may derive lessons of wisdom and cheer. We are in the midst of a great conflict. They can teach us how to fight. We may have better equipment, a fairer field, and a more courteous opponent, but we can never surpass them in the splendor of their manly spirit and sacrifice.

I

FRANCIS ASBURY THE TRIUMPHANT

AN English lad, whose principal "foible" was a love of play, and whose young apprentice manhood was pure and good, showed no particular sign that he was to act the great part which he did in later life. When but a mere lad he began to preach in England. He was not as closely attentive to his duties as he should have been, as is witnessed by a letter of reprimand written to him, and still preserved.

When only a little past twenty-six years of age he voluntarily left his native land and came to America and became a true American. From then on to the end of his career his was a life filled with pain and suffering. No year passed without his having a hurt or ailment of some sort. Sometimes he had to be lifted on and off his horse and put to bed like a child. At other times, with little strength to spare, he sat in his chair and preached to a small or a large congregation. He addressed a dozen or five thousand, as opportunity offered.

In 1772 Wesley appointed this handicapped young man of twenty-seven the superintendent

of all the churches in America. He was only one of nine preachers, and there were only three hundred and sixteen members in all the American colonies, and so it did not seem such a great undertaking; but before John Wesley died he became almost jealous of Francis Asbury, so great had the work grown to be. When Francis Asbury died there were no less than six hundred preachers and two hundred and fourteen thousand members.

We have mentioned the personal physical hindrances which were always a thorn in the flesh. To these we must add the times of discouragement, which must come to every sick man. He had his sleepless nights over the state of the church, the debt on Cokesbury College, the indifference of the people, and the backslidden state of many members. He toiled over bad roads in winter, cold and heat, snow and rain, through swamps and over mountains, making the rounds of the Conferences and charges.

At the beginning his tours extended to two thousand miles a year, and later they exceeded five thousand miles and even reached six thousand miles in eight months. He visited the South thirty times in thirty-one years. In some sections the houses were filthy and the fare poor. He shared the poverty of the people or enjoyed being entertained "like a President."

He and his companion frequently rode twenty-five, thirty, and even thirty-five miles in a day without food for man or beast. "I find it hard to ride eight or nine hours without any other nourishment but a little bread and tea," he remarks; but on one occasion he returns thanks over a handful of nuts, and on another over a crust of bread for two. He tells how he enjoyed some potato and bacon after a ride of twenty-seven miles without food. On one occasion the lunch was a peach pie. Of course he was tired. He records in his Journal: "Rest, rest, how sweet! Yet how often in labor I rest, and in rest labor!" After a hard ride of three days he records a poor time in preaching. He earned it.

Sometimes he slept on the ground in the woods without even a tent over him, or, again, on the floor in a log cabin on a deerskin filled with fleas. He was glad when he had a bed, even if the snow or the rain came through the broken, leaking roof. He was sometimes obliged to associate with drunken and profane men. He was in dangers oft, yet he never ceased to do his duty, and his everlasting cry was for the souls of men, and no pain he had was so great as the heartache caused by the fall of a member of the flock.

His prayers as recorded in his Journal would make a book. One has a particularly pathetic note: "Lord, remember Francis Asbury in all his

labors and afflictions." And who shall say that this prayer was not answered? So often he records his belief in a Divine Providence: "I can say hitherto the Lord hath helped us through deeps, deserts, dangers, and distresses. I have told but a small part of our labors and sufferings; let the great day of eternity reveal the rest."

But this was only the setting for a life in which many hours were sweet and happy in praise and service: "O what sweetness I feel as I steal along through the solitary woods! I am sometimes ready to shout aloud and make all vocal with the praises of His grace who died, and lives and intercedes for me." "I have suffered much—I am pained and sore, and poor Jane stumbled so often! but my limbs and my soul are safe. Glory! Glory!" "The prospects of doing good are glorious." "I groan one minute with pain, and shout glory the next." "The Lord was my helper and my mind was in peace." "I began and ended the day with God." There are other references, which might be quoted, showing the sweetness of his soul. All the time he was seeking the best and highest experience, and he finally found it in 1803: "My mind is in a great calm after the tumult of the Baltimore Conference . . . in addition to the charge of the superintendency to feel and to live in perfect love."

Only the year before his translation he said: "My mind enjoys great peace, and divine consolation. My health is better, but whether health, life, or death, good is the will of the Lord. I will trust him and will praise him. He is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. Glory! Glory! Glory!" And this he said when he resigned to younger hands the burdens of his work, but he ceased not to toil until the last. He preached his last sermon in Richmond, Virginia, March 24, 1816, from the text: "For he will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness: because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth." He sat on a table prepared for him and preached for nearly an hour "with much feeling." He was carried from the church to his carriage. It is not the end of his journey, for he travels Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday. He came to the home of Mr. George Arnold and rested on Saturday, and on Sunday, the 31st day of March, 1816, he took his last long journey to the land of rest.

His legacy was a great one—a life filled with toil and sacrifice, not devoid of faults, 'tis true, but ever striving for the best. He traveled about one hundred and fifty thousand miles in the thirty-seven years of his life as bishop, preached more than nineteen thousand times, ordained, appointed, and loved one thousand ministers, served four generations of laymen, winning fathers and

mothers, sons and daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren for the kingdom of God. The number he won for the kingdom can never be told. He was the real founder of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, and to him and his care it owes more than we can record. His triumph never ends.

II

PHILIP EMBURY, THE FIRST OF A NOBLE COMPANY

THE General Conference of 1916 had many memorials presented concerning the settlement of the historic fact as to the priority of the claim that Methodism was established in New York by Philip Embury, or the claim that Robert Strawbridge first blazed the way in Maryland. So far not enough data have appeared to reward the searchers for historic truth to enable us to impartially settle the question. Possibly it can never be settled. During the session of the General Conference a pilgrimage was made to the grave of Embury, and a service held there.

I suppose you have heard of the Scotch-Irish. Did you ever hear of the German-Irish? There was a group of German refugees, who fled to escape persecution from the County Palatine on the Rhine not long after the year 1700. They settled in Balligarane, Ireland. John Wesley often preached to them there. Whether he was the means of the conversion of Embury or not we do not know.

We have preserved for us Mr. Embury's statement of the fact of his conversion: "On Christmas day, being Monday, the 25th of December, in the year 1752, the Lord shone into my soul by a glimpse of his redeeming love; being an earnest of my redemption in Christ Jesus, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen. Phil. Embury."

About eight years later Embury with other friends and neighbors emigrated to this country and settled in New York city. Embury came as a carpenter and joiner, but later taught school. Earlier in the century another group of Irish people came to this country to start the linen industry here, but the venture was a failure. There is some historical ground, but not absolute proof that this group of emigrants came to this country for the same purpose.

The story has been often told of the interrupted game of cards. Barbara Heck called Embury to task while he was playing with some companions, seized the cards and threw them into the fire, and told him to be about his Master's business as a preacher of the gospel. He obeyed the admonition, and soon after preached to a little company of five or six people.

His congregation increased and a society was formed. Captain Webb joined him a few months later, and to his leadership was due the erection of the first Methodist church in New York city.

Mr. Embury worked on the building as a carpenter.

When Mr. Wesley's preachers, Boardman and Pilmoor, came over, Mr. Embury left New York. The State in the meantime had given him and his brother David a grant of land in the town of Queensbury, New York. About seven miles from his grant he established the Ashgrove Society, included for many years within the limits of the city of Albany, New York. Only two or three years ago the society unfortunately changed its name and lost its historical connection.

For some time he was justice of the peace in his community. When only forty-five years of age he became overheated in mowing and suddenly died.

III

WILLIAM McKENDREE, THE FIRST AMERICAN-BORN METHODIST BISHOP

Bishops Coke, Asbury, and Whatcoat were all born in England. The American preachers were much pleased when William McKendree was elected bishop at the General Conference of 1808. He was led into the kingdom of God by the Rev. John Easter in 1787, and taken by him to the Annual Conference in 1788. For twelve years Virginia was the scene of his labors. The following eight years he was the presiding elder of the Western Pioneers.

For nearly twenty-seven years he served as a bishop. He was not only distinguished as a preacher but was noted for his ability as a presiding officer. To him we owe the introduction of parliamentary law into our General Conference, and the Annual Conferences. This was done with infinite tact and diplomacy.

Henry Smith, a preacher of the Baltimore Conference, wrote about it in the year 1855. Bishop McKendree introduced the new method in the General Conference of 1812. As it was new,

Bishop Asbury arose, and addressing Bishop McKendree, said, "I have something to say to you before the Conference." Bishop McKendree arose to his feet and the two men stood facing each other. Bishop Asbury continued: "This is a new thing. I never did business this way, and why is this new thing introduced?" Bishop McKendree promptly replied, "You are our *father,* we are your sons; you never had need of it; I am only a *brother,* and have need of it." Bishop Asbury sat down with a smile on his face. He was satisfied.

Bishop McKendree was a splendid business man, and very painstaking. Bishop Morris was very fond of telling a story which well illustrates this trait: "Many years ago," he wrote in a letter to Bishop Soule, "the precise time not recollected, one day in Conference, Bishop McKendree asked me for the loan of a pencil. I handed him the only article of the kind I had. It was a very small cedar pencil, perhaps two inches and a half long, and less in diameter than a common rye-straw, with a plain brass head. It was used primarily as a pin to fasten a small pocket memorandum-book, and to make notes on the same. The original value of the article could not have been more than three cents. Of so little importance was it to me that I did not miss it at all, nor remember the transaction again until a

year afterward, when the bishop, one day in Conference, beckoned to me, and on my approaching him, handed me the pencil, which he had kept for me on a tour of some thousands of miles, having perhaps forgotten to return it at the proper time. As the business of Conference was in progress, he gave no explanation, but the sight of the pencil and a moment's reflection brought the whole transaction to my mind, and afforded a theme of profitable meditation upon the character of a man who, amid the trials and perils of his extended journeys, and his numerous and daily cares respecting the church over which he exercised his general superintendency, could still charge his mind with so small a matter."

He took great care of his papers and his clothing. In society he was always dignified, but never stern.

The first bishops, with the exception of Bishop Coke, were unmarried men. They were all lovers of children. Bishop McKendree was especially fond of them. At one place he often visited he would allow the little girl in the home to comb his "beautiful black hair." Then he would reward her with his thanks and a sweet kiss. She would count the buttons at his knees. There were five at each knee, and he wore buckles on his shoes. He was at this home on one occasion when a thunderstorm arose. The little girl's mother

told Mr. McKendree how frightened the little girl was during a thunderstorm. He called the child to him, took her on his knees, and laid her head on his breast and soothed her. When the sharp lightning came she would hide her face in his bosom and feel perfectly safe.

He not only loved children, but animals as well. Like Bishop Asbury, he was fond of the faithful horses who carried him. His last horse was old "Grey," and in his will he made provision for his care.

As a preacher few surpassed him in his insight into spiritual matters. Sometimes great results followed his efforts, and many were converted as the result of his preaching. He was not at all vain of his ability. On one occasion he was asked to preach before the House of Representatives at Washington but declined. He said that "his mission was to those who were found in the mountains and valleys and waste places of the earth; and especially to the poor."

Few men loved the church more or were more useful in it. Bishop Asbury founded the church, and Bishop McKendree organized it for efficient work.

IV

HENRY WILLIS, THE FIRST PRESIDING ELDER

AMONG the many homes where Bishop Asbury loved to go, and where he found the rest which his weary body needed, there was no home where he was more welcome than the home of the widow Ann Willis. This was one of his preaching places as well, as will be noted in the Bishop's Journal. For many years he made it a point to stop there whenever in the neighborhood.

Her husband was as remarkable a man as she was a woman. He was a man of unusual refinement and of great zeal. He was a very slight man, and always had a tendency to consumption. He not only preached, but supported his family by his labor as well. He was born in Virginia, and died at Pipe Creek, Frederick County, Maryland, in 1808. He began to preach as early as 1779, when there were only thirty-four preachers in the connection.

His name appears in the Conference Minutes as elder, with four preachers under his direction. In the Minutes for 1785 also his name is first

among the supervising elders. The others were Richard Ivey, Reuben Ellis, Nelson Reed, Enoch Matson, James O'Kelly, Thomas Foster, Richard Whatcoat, Caleb Royer, William Guild, Thomas Vasey, Thomas Chew. The next year he was sent to Charleston, thence to New York, thence to Philadelphia, showing that he was a man of unusual ability, or he would not have been selected for these important points. His district comprised the two circuits, Yadkin and Holstein, and the two had nearly seven hundred members.

We have no particular account of his hardships on this district, but he must have had them. Bishop Asbury said of him that "he possessed great courage tempered with good conduct; he was cheerful without levity, and sober without solemn sadness or melancholy." His health was so poor in some years that from time to time he was supernumerary, preaching very little after 1793. His house was always a place where other ministers were welcome, and where he exercised the greatest of hospitality to all who came.

He was the means of the conversion of many. The first year that he was pastor in New York there were fifty-four probationers added to the roll, and the second year seventy. And this success probably characterized all his ministry.

I have been able to find two original letters addressed to Mrs. Willis by Bishop Asbury. One

he writes from Union Camp Meeting, September 7, 1812. In it he shows his great esteem and says: "Help me, sister, by your prayers. I live for millions of sons and daughters of Adam and of God. I fear you will slack your hands. Watch on, pray on, suffer on, believe on, fight on, like a woman; like a man for God when I saw you stemming the weather up the hill like an heroine or Shunammite riding, and stop not to get to the prophet; be Frank's sister, his mother and prompter to all good; the borough of Pipe Creek shall be ours. We will not if God is with us leave a hoof behind."

V

GEORGE PICKERING, NEW ENGLAND EVANGEL

WITHOUT meaning to do so, we find that we have been confining these sketches largely to men of the Middle West. Next to Jesse Lee stands George Pickering among the Methodist apostles of New England. He was born in Maryland in 1769. In 1787 he was converted in the famous old Saint George's Church, of Philadelphia. In 1790 he joined the Baltimore Conference. His first field of labor was in Virginia. In 1793 he was sent to New England, and there he worked the rest of his life. In 1797 he was made the presiding elder of the New England District, which then included all of the New England States except Maine and Connecticut. He was one of the great exceptions to the usual rule of short ministries and had an effective ministry of fifty-seven years. He served sixteen years as a presiding elder, and nine years as a missionary at large. He was a member of eight General Conferences, and six times led his delegation. In 1808 he was a member of the committee which prepared for a delegated General Conference. He

had the distinction of being at his death "the oldest effective Methodist preacher in the world."

He was fortunate in his marriage, his wife inheriting from her father a fine home, and thus allowing him to be free from care as to his finances. Many of the early preachers were compelled to locate in order to provide for their families. Dr. McClintock is authority for the statement that of the six hundred and fifty preachers whose names appeared on the Minutes previous to 1800, "five hundred died in the local ranks and most of the remainder had located, though on becoming relieved of domestic embarrassments, they were able to reenter the ministry and die in it."

George Pickering was noted for his character more than for his preaching, although he was a good preacher. He was a very methodical man in everything. He had set times to visit his family. So conscientious was he that if his duties took him within half a mile of his house, he would not visit his family until the set time. His portrait represents him as a benevolent, kindly, pious, shrewd, cautious, wise, and witty man. One can see all this in his face. His contemporaries give testimony that he possessed these very qualities.

To these qualities one of his biographers adds a great tribute for his gentlemanliness. He was always neat and polite.

In the Minutes for 1791, it is said of Wyatt Andrews, "As long as he could ride he traveled; and while he had breath he praised God." This was equally true of George Pickering. In the last year of his life he went to an adjoining charge and preached twice. A lady remarked to him that he must be tired working so hard, and especially when he was so old. He replied that he did not mind it and would really feel better if he had preached three times instead of twice. A contemporary said of him that "he lived every day." His friends witnessed his joyful translation to the other world. He died full of wonderful joy and peace.

VI

ANNING OWEN, THE APOSTLE OF THE WYOMING VALLEY

RECENTLY it has been my pleasure to read the history of the Genesee Conference by F. W. Conable, published in 1876. This book embalms within its pages the heroic deeds of many an early pioneer. Among the rest we find the name of Anning Owen. It is not the first time that we have met his name. It is a name written large in Methodism and often mentioned in its biographies and histories.

Mr. Owen was in the Indian Battle of Wyoming in 1778. A contemporary who heard the old saint tell the story says: "When the retreat commenced on the battlefield he thought he should almost certainly be killed, and should go straight to hell. He began to pray, and determined that should he be shot, he would fall on his face, and his last breath should be spent in calling upon God for mercy. He (and his brother-in-law) secreted themselves under a grapevine on the margin of the river and there he gave his heart to God, and had never taken back the pledge. He found peace

to his soul before he left the place, being there several hours. Another fugitive—a boy—took refuge with them." Years after another contemporary records their meeting in a love-feast and the remark of Mr. Owen: "Ah! Brother Serle, we had like to have gone to hell together under the grapevine."

He joined the Conference in 1795 and continued to labor for about nineteen years. Most of his labor was confined to Western New York. A pestilence swept over the country in 1814 and Mr. Owen and his wife were victims, dying within twelve hours of each other. He was in his sixty-third year.

In Early Methodism, by Dr. George Peck, several anecdotes are told of our hero. He was sometimes very blunt, often zealous to advance the work of the kingdom. He was opposed to all of the various isms. It is said that he had the following passage in nearly every prayer he offered: "O Lord, put a stop to Mohammedanism, Judaism, heathenism, atheism, deism, Universalism, Calvinism, and all other devilisms."

Mr. Owen never failed to use an opportunity to win a soul. On one occasion he joined company with a traveler who, he found, was not a Christian. He used every argument he could think of, with no apparent effect. They came to a fork in the road and bade each other good-by.

Under a sudden inspiration Mr. Owen turned and called out, "See here, my friend, I have two more things to say to you which I wish you not to forget."

"What are they?" said the stranger.

"Hell is hot and eternity is long," was the reply.

The message fastened itself in the man's mind and led ultimately to his conversion. Years after he met Mr. Owen and told him the story of his salvation.

On one occasion Father Owen was preaching on happiness and said, "A man who is seeking happiness in the world is just like a cat chasing her own tail; she is often just on the point of catching it, but it flies away and she never quite gets hold of it."

Another story told by Dr. Peck is that on a certain occasion a Presbyterian land agent came to hear him preach. Mr. Owen looked upon this as a challenge. He said that land-jobbers were "like a land-jobber of old, who offered to give away all the kingdoms of the earth, when the poor devil had not a foot of land in the world." Next he gave a tirade against the Presbyterians. His hearer arose and said, "It is too bad and I cannot endure it!" "Sit down, sir!" the preacher thundered. Twice again was the hearer brought to his feet by the words of the preacher, and each

time commanded to sit down. In this day such preaching would not be tolerated. In that day controversy was so constant that undoubtedly the course of Father Owen was applauded. He had a tremendous voice and was sometimes known as "Bawling Owen," but we are assured that "it was not all voice." He was a mighty man of God and won many souls.

He took his trials bravely and uncomplainingly. On a certain occasion he found that rowdies had shaved his horse's tail. His host was indignant, but was moved to laughter when Father Owen said, "Glory to God! he is not like Samson, for he is as strong as ever." His beloved son died and he preached the funeral sermon. Later a beautiful daughter died also, and he preached the funeral sermon on that occasion. The impression thus created was very profound.

Father Owen was a great singer. It is said that he was especially fond of one piece called "The Band of Music." He sang it wherever he went, and on all occasions. On the day of his death his last strength was employed in singing it. His voice failed and an angelic band bore him away to unite in the music of heaven.

VII

PETER MASSIE, OF KENTUCKY

In the year 1786 James Haw held a revival in Kentucky. Among the first fruits of the revival was Peter Massie. He was filled with the conviction that he ought to preach. His ideals were high and his modesty correspondingly great, so that he refused to hear the call. As a consequence he became backslidden. While in this condition he and some others went across the Ohio River after some horses. On their return the Indians attacked them and, firing, killed all the company except Massie. He sprang into a little gully and concealed himself among the weeds. He promised himself that if the Lord would hear his prayer and deliver him from the Indians, he would become a minister. In some way, the Indians failed to find him and he returned home in safety. He was true to his word and, in 1788, rejoined the Conference. This was the same year as that in which William McKendree, Valentine Cook, and Thornton Fleming joined the Conference. His ministry was brief, all too brief. First, he was sent with Thomas Williamson and Benjamin

Snelling to the Lexington Circuit. This had a membership of two hundred white and ten colored members. They must have had good success, for the next year they had four hundred and two white and twenty-one colored members. The next year he was sent to the Danville Circuit with Barnabas McHenry. Here the total membership was four hundred and forty. Then the three circuits were divided into five, so that we cannot tell how great an increase there was.

In 1791 he was sent to Limestone, to succeed Samuel Tucker, the martyr, whose story appears later in this volume. It had one hundred and forty-three members. In December he went to the Cumberland Circuit to visit some of his friends. On the 18th he reached the home of Mr. Hodges, three miles west of Nashville. The Indians were abroad, and the family of Mr. Hodges had gone to the fort for protection. Mr. Hodges was quite ill and unable to go. A young colored boy, who had been converted under Mr. Massie's preaching, also took refuge in the cabin. Mr. Massie had been laboring very hard, and was never a strong man. During the night he suffered much pain. In the morning he arose and even went to the breakfast table. His host expressed the wish that he would soon be well enough to travel. He replied, "If I am not well enough to travel, I am happy enough to die." In a very few

moments he died. His host was too ill to bury him, so the Negro boy cut down an ash tree, divided it, and lined the grave with it. After placing the body in the grave, he covered it over with a slab and then filled in the grave with earth. This colored boy was much interested in the welfare of his race in Africa, and went to see Bishop McKendree about sending some one to Africa as a missionary. Mr. Paine, who afterward became one of the bishops of the Church, South, volunteered to go on condition that Simeon, the colored boy, should accompany him. Mr. Paine's people would not release him, so the project was abandoned.

Mr. Massie was only thirty when he died. He was a man of attractive personality and a soul-winner. He often preached with tears of sympathy on his face.

VIII

THOMAS MORRELL, SOLDIER AND BISHOP'S COMPANION

THE early Methodists were sometimes accused of being unpatriotic, or of being Loyalists. This was in large part due to the fact that Wesley took the side of the Crown in the struggle, and to a lesser degree it was due to the fact that Methodism was a transplanted church. Not all were of this type, however; most Methodists were sympathizers with the American cause. Thomas Morrell was a notable patriot.

He was born in New York city, November 22, 1747. His parents were early connected with Methodism. His mother was a member of the first Methodist class in the old John Street Church. In 1772 the family moved to Elizabethtown, New Jersey. There were no Methodists here, and she joined the Presbyterian Church. In 1785 a Methodist class was formed, and of this she became a member.

When the news of the battle of Lexington reached Elizabethtown all was stir and bustle at once, for the patriots were aroused. A militia

company was formed, and the young clerk in his father's store became Captain Thomas Morrell by the election of his comrades. He was a soldier bold. In the summer of 1775 he was in command of one of the boats which captured the Green Mountain Valley, a transport loaded with provisions for the British army. The next spring he was in command of a party which built "Stockade Fort," designed to prevent the enemy from landing at Elizabethtown Point. He also aided in conveying some powder to Washington at great personal risk.

In June, 1776, Congress, then assembled at Trenton, gave him a captain's commission. It is said that he convened two companies of milita and gave them such a spirited and patriotic address that in five minutes more than enough had volunteered to serve in his company. At great private expense he fitted out the company and reported in New York, July 10, 1776.

August 27 he was on Long Island, and was seriously wounded. He was carried first to his father's, and then to New Providence, New Jersey, which is within five miles of the place where this chapter was written. He finally recovered and was in the thick of the Battle of Brandywine and the attack on Germantown. He was compelled to leave the army after this battle on account of rapidly failing health, much to the

regret of General Washington. He was not converted until 1786. This was in March. In June he began to preach as a local preacher. The next year, when forty years old, he joined the Conference. In 1789 he was sent to New York to raise the money and build a second church. In less than two and a half months the first stones of the foundation were laid for the old Second Street Church, afterward called the Forsyth Street Church. The following January a great revival took place, and about two hundred joined the church. In 1791 he traveled with Bishop Asbury in order to recuperate health. He spent the rest of his pastorate in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

The last years of his life were spent in retirement in Elizabethtown. He lived to be over ninety years of age. He preached nearly every Sunday at Elizabethtown, much to the delight of all. Judging from the several accounts of his preaching given, he was a doctrinal preacher, delighting to preach on such topics as the atonement, justification, sanctification, and the like. Dr. Sprague, the author of the Annals of the American Pulpit, examined one of his outlines and said: "It is written with marked ability, and would be highly creditable to any of our most highly educated ministers, indicating a high degree of intellectual culture." One who knew him

well declared that "not infrequently his preaching was attended with an unction that affected his own heart, causing the tears to trickle down his cheeks, and being communicated to his hearers, a large part of his audience would be melted down with him into tenderness, humility, and love." The present generation of Methodists cannot begin to know how much we owe to this old soldier. He gave to the Methodism of New York a great impetus at a critical period. It is due to him largely that Methodism became so strong in Elizabethtown and its neighborhood; and though it is now far away in time, the descendants of his spiritual children of the third and fourth generation should arise and call him blessed.

IX

JESSE LEE, THE NEW ENGLAND PIONEER

A YOUNG Virginian had been converted and his soul was all on fire. Although only seventeen years of age, he began to preach with considerable success in the Virginia revival of 1775. It would never have been guessed at that time that he was to be one of the great leaders of Methodism and chaplain of Congress.

He was drafted into the Continental Army, but would not fight, as it was contrary to his principles to bear arms. He preached to the soldiers when released from the guardhouse. They wished to take up a collection for him, but he would not permit. He was given charge of a baggage wagon, and frequently preached to the soldiers.

In 1782 he began his lifework as a Methodist preacher. In 1789 he began his work in New England, and, with the exception of some time spent as the traveling companion of Bishop Asbury, he was traveling until 1809 from one end of New England to the other. In 1800 he came within one vote of being elected a bishop, Bishop Whatcoat being elected in his stead. He was chaplain of Congress in the years 1810, 1811, 1812,

and 1813. The next year he served as chaplain of the Senate.

He was a very large man, weighing nearly three hundred pounds. He was tall, so that he did not appear as heavy as he really was. His wit was brilliant. In repartee he had few equals. On one occasion it is said that he was riding along a road when two travelers, also on horseback, joined him. One rode on either side. They were lawyers and entered into one argument after another with him. He never failed to get the best of them. Finally one of his companions turned to him and said, "What are you anyway, a fool or a knave?"

"Neither, gentlemen," he replied. "I believe I am just between the two."

In the early days of Methodism some preachers in other denominations tried to hinder our preachers. Such a one examined Mr. Lee as to his fitness to preach. He addressed a remark to Mr. Lee in Latin. Lee at once replied in German, which he had acquired in North Carolina many years before. The minister was much surprised and put another question, this time in Greek. Mr. Lee again replied in German. His opponent did not understand German and mistook the reply for Hebrew in each case, and so thought him a learned man.

Another story is told of his success in waking

a sleepy congregation. Some of his people were well asleep and others in the churchyard were visiting and talking so loudly that he was annoyed. Pausing for a full minute and raising his voice so that the people in the yard could hear him he said, "I'll thank the people in the yard not to talk so loud; they'll wake up the people in the house." The situation was changed at once.

Mr. Lee was a great preacher, one of the greatest of the times. His words came fluently and his thought was often so original that it surprised his congregation. Dr. Thomas E. Bond once said that he heard him preach on the text, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." His beginning was somewhat eccentric: "And what is the old fellow going to do with that old bone, which has had the meat all picked off years ago? I'll tell you what he is going to do with it: he is going to crack the bone, and give you the marrow." Then he proceeded to give a splendid, helpful sermon.

The last time he preached was at a camp meeting. His text was, "Grow in grace." This was preached August 22, 1816. By September 12 he had passed to his reward and joined his beloved Bishop Asbury, who had gone before him just a few months before. He is often correctly styled the "Apostle of Methodism in New England."

X

GEORGE DOUGHERTY, THE ONE-EYED HERO

THE environment of the early preacher was always a strenuous one. He labored from morning to night, and often late into the night. Add to the unusual drawbacks of his situation that of a physical disability, and it would seem that human nature could not stand the strain. But the human will is all-powerful, and will overcome the difficulties of any situation. Think of a man thin and slender with effeminate voice, pock-marked face as the result of an attack of the smallpox, having only one eye, the other having been totally destroyed by that disease, and it would hardly seem that here was one who would be classed among the great preachers of his time. Yet he was a great preacher. He was a man of marvelous memory. It is said that he could repeat almost anything that he had ever heard, and with this faculty so fully developed, he had an implement for the development of a sermon unsurpassed.

He was born in South Carolina, and began

preaching in 1798. His ministry lasted only nine years, and the list of his appointments is not a long one, but his influence was very great. His entire ministry was in the State of South Carolina. He was not always left in peace, but had to suffer persecution. At one time the persecution was so severe that he was rescued at the point of the sword. One of his last public acts was to bring forward a resolution in his Conference, which he attended about three months before he died. It was in the following words: "That if any preacher deserts his station through fear in the time of sickness or danger, the Conference should never employ that man again." His arguments and energy carried the day, and he was satisfied. There is on record a letter from Joshua Wells telling how he died. It is interesting to those who like the writings of the early Methodist fathers.

Just a paragraph from the end of the letter: "Of his fortitude I would speak at large, but although I saw it I can not describe it. He spake of death and eternity with an engaging feeling, sweet composure, and manifested an indescribable assemblage of confidence, love, and hope. He said, 'The goodness and love of God to me are great and marvelous, as I go down the dreadful declivity of death.' His understanding was unimpaired in death, and so brave was his tran-

quillity that his true greatness was probably never seen or known until that trying period. He died without a struggle or scarcely a sigh."

I have written the notice of this hero of other days for the purpose of bringing to our minds again the oft-needed lesson that men are able, in spite of limitations and untoward environment, to do great service for the Master and the world.

XI

WILLIAM WINANS, THE INDEFATIGABLE

A YOUNG preacher was preaching the funeral sermon of a brother minister at Washington, Mississippi, in the year 1821. It was a tribute to a man only a few years his senior, but who had exercised a great influence over his life. In fact, it was the one of all others who had helped him to come to the decision that he should give his life to the ministry of the church. The preacher of the day was William Winans, and he was preaching the funeral sermon of Samuel Parker, an unusual position for a young man to fill. Mr. Winans was born in 1788 in Western Pennsylvania. At an early age his father died, and he was obliged to do much toward the support of the family, and he worked in iron foundries of the section.

When about sixteen years of age he was converted and joined the church. When twenty he began to preach, and his first appointment was on the famous Limestone Circuit, of which mention has been made in other articles of this series. He was with James King as colleague. He labored

only a year in Kentucky, but it is said that "it left a lasting impression on the church." In 1809 he went to Vincennes. He found there a society of forty-three members, which had been formed by the famous Jesse Walker, and in the year increased it to one hundred and twenty-five. While serving as pastor of this church he made the acquaintance of General William Henry Harrison, then governor of Indian Territory. He was with General Harrison when the treaty of peace was made with Tecumseh, the famous Indian chief, and it was the coolness of his bearing that helped to bring about the final result.

In 1810 a call for volunteers was made for the work in Mississippi, and he responded. The journey was made on horseback, in the midst of winter, through a trackless wilderness. He was then sent on to New Orleans, where he remained about a year. In 1815 he married and felt obliged to locate, and in the meantime taught school. In 1820 he reentered the Conference and served three terms as presiding elder, and part of the time was pastor. Then he became an agent for the Methodist Church in New Orleans, having associated with him the notorious John N. Maffitt. After this he served as presiding elder for several years. A friend said of him: "Often have I seen him on his tours of circuit duties scarcely able to sit in the saddle, drawing himself up in the pulpit,

preaching for two hours with surpassing power and unction, and then falling down faint and exhausted, his handkerchief stained with blood; and for days thereafter motionless, hovering, as it were, between life and death. Thirty years ago, and at intervals since, he was thought to be in a rapid decline. He was afflicted with hemorrhages, bronchitis, derangement of the vital organs, and general debility; and physicians prohibited the excitement of the pulpit. But he would preach; he 'felt called of God to preach.'"

He was a member of the General Conference of 1844, and was declared by Abel Stevens to be next to Peter Cartwright—the most unique man of the assembly.

XII

ALFRED BRUNSON, THE SOLDIER PREACHER

BORN a Connecticut Yankee, living for a time in Yonkers, New York, then emigrating to Ohio when it was a new country, Alfred Brunson entered the ministry after serving as a soldier in the War of 1812. He was one of the pioneers of Methodism in Detroit, some parts of Illinois, Wisconsin, and farther West. He was the founder of our mission to the Chippewas, served as Indian agent at Lapointe, Wisconsin, and practiced law for ten years while struggling with ill health. He served as member of the State Assembly for two years. He was presiding elder for many years and a member of three General Conferences of the church. He was especially strong in debate with the Campbellites. He had a sermon three hours long which he delivered to the people far and near. In those days the Campbellites were great proselyters, and this sermon completely answered them.

Among the Indians he was known as "White Rabbit." He asked them why, and received this

tribute to his character: "Your head is white, and your appearance as innocent and harmless as a rabbit."

He served one year as chaplain of the Thirty-first Regiment of the Wisconsin Volunteers during the Civil War, but as the life was too hard for him, he was compelled to resign. His autobiography is very readable and abounds with information and anecdote.

He records, among others, this amusing and interesting story of the War of 1812: "When asked how I could pray for my enemies, and then shoot them, I related the anecdote of the deacon in Connecticut, in 1813, when the British were marching up to burn the shipping at Middletown. The militia was called out en masse, the deacon among the rest, to defend their property and their homes. He cleaned up his old musket and marched with others to the field. They were drawn up in line behind a stone fence, or wall, and when the enemy came within range, and the word was given to fire, he leveled his gun and took deliberate aim, and prayed, 'God have mercy on your souls, while I kill your bodies!' and fired upon those who were aiming to kill him. The result was the enemy were defeated, and returned to their shipping without doing the intended damage."

At camp meetings he was usually on guard to keep order. We can get some idea of how efficient

he was by an account he gives: "'And now I'll just tell you the upshot of the affair. I have a strong guard, besides a numerous patrol, who are watching you, and will be at your heels; and if you contrive or do mischief, or disturb us in our worship, they will give me your names, and I shall have you fined, and your names will be published in the newspapers.' The preacher for the evening then took the stand, and a more attentive audience I never saw. After the sermon, the prayer meetings were in operation, and I was on the alert to keep and preserve order. But I could but be a little amused at the course things took. Numerous groups of men were seen standing and talking in different parts of the ground, but orderly and harmless, and, of course, not the objects of my pursuit. As they usually stood in a circle, the eyes of some one would be in the direction of my approach, and, seeing me coming, they would separate, as if fearful of capture."

He was sometimes a little odd. He once announced to a small congregation that on his return he would preach on the words of the devil (in Job). He did so, and then announced that he would preach the devil's funeral sermon when he came that way again. His text was Rev. 20. 1, 2, 3, 10. "A backslider went to a cabinet-maker to induce him to make a coffin and carry it to the meetinghouse. 'I will make it,' said he,

'if you will carry it to the house. If you don't carry it, you shall pay me for making it.' But this he declined, and the scheme fell through; but the word went out through the community that he had spoken for a coffin, and he was frequently jeered on account of it." After this the people came to church better.

He had many narrow escapes, but none more thrilling than his escape from some wolves. This is too long a story to quote, and we refer the reader to his autobiography (Vol. II, pp. 52-54).

We can do no better than to close with the concluding words of his biography: "In purity of motive and entire consecration to God and his cause, I could hardly hope for any improvement, for in these I have given all I have, and am to him for life or death, for time and eternity."

XIII

SHADRACH BOSTWICK, M.D., "PROFESSOR IN BRUSH COLLEGE"

If you will look in the Minutes of the Conference for 1805, you will find in answer to the question, "Who are located at their own request?" the name of Shadrach Bostwick. This was the close of a faithful service of fourteen years in the pastorate, and four years of that time in service as presiding elder. He traveled in Maryland, New York, New England, and Ohio. Why did he ask to be located? He simply did so because he had married, and in those days there was not sufficient provision made for a married man in our ministry.

He had received a medical education, and now began practice in the State of Ohio, and after a short time removed to Canfield, where he spent his days in practice, and from which he frequently sallied forth to preach, for he had his regular round of appointments. When he began his practice he had to go on horseback to Pittsburgh for his medicines, a distance of ninety miles.

It is said that "his house was ever open to the itinerant, and his purse ever open liberally for his support." "He would always meet the preachers at their week-day appointments, when in his neighborhood, unless prevented by sickness or professional calls, and was very punctual in his attendance at the quarterly meetings, of which for many years he was the mentor of the circuit."

He was a great expository preacher, and the people delighted to listen to him. He always preached at camp meeting, and at every quarterly meeting. He was a great friend of the young preachers, and did much to help them to become effective workers. One who knew him said, "His lectures by his fireside, his illustrative anecdotes, and analysis of knotty Scripture questions were equal to the lectures of modern theological schools."

It was an age of controversy, and Dr. Bostwick was a gifted debater, quick at repartee, and logical in analysis and conclusion. On one occasion a certain doctor of divinity, in argument with him, was getting the worst of the argument and replied in Latin. Dr. Bostwick knew Latin too, and some Hebrew, and gave the doctor a few words in that language, and also quoted some German and French, which languages he could speak from having mingled with those who spoke them. The learned doctor of divinity, when asked

about it, exclaimed: "Think? I don't know what to think! I always supposed that these Methodist preachers were ignorant men, not even understanding the English language. But this man knows it all, and is even ahead of me, for he has the Hebrew, German, and French at his tongue's end, as well as the Greek and Latin. He is certainly a good speaker and an able divine, and he preached too without notes, and with as much precision as if it had all been written out before him. I never saw such a man!"

This genial, big-hearted, whole-souled man did much to increase the effectiveness of our ministry, and should not be forgotten.

XIV

ZENAS CALDWELL—1800-1826

THIS brilliant young man was not one of the pioneers in the sense that most of the other men named in this series were, yet he was a pioneer in the true sense of the term.

He was the first young man in Methodism to go to college with the definite idea of preparing to preach. There were a few men in Methodism who were college graduates, but they were converted after they left college.

He was born at Ipswich, Massachusetts, but removed to Maine when a mere lad. He was a precocious child, possessed with a marvelous memory. When he had learned to read, it was his delight to read the Bible and commit it to memory. The serious illness of his mother led to his conversion. His biographer tells the story: "He came into the room, and the nurse said, 'Zenas, you had better go out, as the doctor said the room must be kept still.' His mother answered, 'Let him stay; and if he has anything to say, let him say it.' He hastened to her bedside, and, with the deepest emotions, said, 'Mother,

can you forgive me? I have been a disobedient child.' His mother replied, 'Yes; I can forgive you wherein you have done wrong, for God has forgiven me, though I have erred much.' I presume no one thought he was a disobedient child. He continued, with overflowing tears, 'How can I have you taken away before I have religion? I shall be left like a sheep without a shepherd. Do beg of father to keep me out of bad company.' His mother exhorted him to seek his salvation; and he then decided that he would seek for it at the loss of all things."

Soon after a serious illness he received his call to preach. His first thought was preparation. The Hon. E. L. Hamline became the teacher of the school in the district in which the Caldwells lived. He was a graduate of Brown University and helped young Zenas very much. Young Caldwell taught school for several winters, and thus acquired the necessary funds for his college course.

In 1821 he entered Bowdoin College as a sophomore. Here he exerted a marvelous influence over all of the young men. Caldwell lived to be only twenty-six, but in many ways he reminds us of Henry Drummond, who died at forty. One of his classmates was Franklin Pierce, afterward President of the United States. They were chums, and our hero exerted an influence for good over him.

Another friend was a Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was in the class just below him.

After he graduated from college he took charge of Hallowell Academy, in 1824. The following year he became the first president and founder of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary. Here he labored hard and accomplished wonders. Never strong, his health gave way, and at twenty-six he completed his eventful life.

His mind was a strong one, as evinced by the essays and poems appended to his biography. His brother, Merritt Caldwell, became noted as an educator.

XV

ROBERT BOYD, AN OHIO METHODIST PIONEER

Our hero was born of Presbyterian parentage in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. He was early apprenticed to an Irishman to learn how to make spinning wheels. It seems strange how such an industry flourished and is now forgotten. The Irishman was drunk so much of the time that after a while Robert was sent away to continue his learning of the trade with the Rev. Chaddis Chalfant. This good man was a splendid workman and a Methodist local preacher. Robert's mother was afraid to have him go for fear he would become a Methodist. The home of his new employer was one of the Methodist preaching places on the circuit. A few days after his arrival the Rev. Thornton Fleming preached there. He was the first Methodist that Robert Boyd had heard. After a struggle of some weeks he was converted. He wrote to his mother about it. She was not glad, as you might suppose, but walked the floor all night long in her anguish. In the morning she called on her Presbyterian

pastor, for she thought her boy ruined because he had become a Methodist. The pastor told her that she ought to rejoice instead of weep.

Not long after his conversion he was asked to become a class leader, and consented on condition that he was "not to speak to anyone who took the bottle, either to take the dram, or even to pass it to another." It was the custom in that place to pass the bottle of rum around at all gatherings. He became the class leader of this class.

He was drafted for the War of 1812, but his master secured a substitute. He engaged in Christian work more and more. In 1815 he joined the Baltimore Conference, which at the time included all the territory northwest to Pittsburgh. He had eighty dollars salary per year, if it were paid. Carlisle, Pennsylvania, was on his circuit, and here he had a good revival. He was transferred to the Pittsburgh Conference at its first session in 1825, in which Conference he always continued, and thenceforth labored mostly in Ohio.

We little realize the hardships of our Methodist forefathers. Mr. Boyd, in his autobiography, gives us a few glimpses. The circuits did not usually own parsonages, but even if they did, they were poor buildings. After he had secured a parsonage he had to move. This is the way he did it on one occasion: "I found a chance to for-

ward a small wagonload of my movables at half price, as the wagon was going empty through Norwich to Zanesville for loading there." He moved thirty-five times during his ministry. He humorously says, "And perhaps out of a certain kind of respect, I have been occasionally honored with an unaccountably long move." Sometimes the beds were filthy and the food unwholesome in the homes where he was entertained.

His experience in traveling was interesting. Sometimes he was nearly mired: "The usual pass over a small stream had become so deep and difficult that I dreaded another effort at that place, so I ventured another. The horse, large and strong, was soon nearly covered with mire. I was quickly off, and sunk nearly as deep as the horse. My first effort was to get out myself, which was attended with some difficulty. I then got a stick, and drew my saddlebags through the mire, and got them in my hand; but the horse was still sinking deeper, till his hinder part was nearly covered. For a short time I had fears that he had found his grave. However, with the aid of my stick, and getting pretty deep in the mire, I got hold of the bridle reins, and, raising my voice, the horse made a desperate effort with all his great strength, and barely succeeded in extricating himself."

Again, the storms interfered. "I recollect the

first year I traveled that, under peculiar circumstances, I came very near freezing to death. In the first place, the cold was almost extreme, and the wind blew very strong. A snow had fallen more than two feet deep, and, during soft days, had melted and sunk to about one foot, and then froze into a crust. My way was only a path along a spur of the mountain, eight miles without a house, and no track since the snow fell. I was four hours on the way, and the horse's legs were bleeding, and the horse covered with frozen sweat. Long before I reached the cabin where I was to preach I had suffered all I could suffer, and had gone into a dull, sleepy condition, and could move neither eyelid nor mouth. When I got to the inclosure in which the cabin stood I was so blind that I could not distinguish the bars from other parts of the fence. Some one opened the bars, I rode to the door, got off, but could not feel when my feet touched the ground. I went into the dark cabin, where was a large fire. Perhaps I got too near, and soon fainted, then vomited, and became very sick, so that I could do nothing for them that day. For some time I was unable to speak a word. One reason why I strove so hard to get over that road was that, if I failed there, much of the other work could not be reached. I missed no other preaching but that day, though I was much out of order for three weeks."

XVI

RICHMOND NOLLEY, MISSIONARY

WHEN one reads the early Minutes, notes the names, and reads the brief obituaries, he will be impressed by the fact that in many cases the service was brief and the life short. That is one of the indications of their heroism.

Richmond Nolley is of this number. At thirty years old his work was done and he entered into his reward. He was a Virginian by birth, but when he was a boy his people moved to Georgia. Lovick Pierce was a great preacher. At a certain camp meeting near Sparta, Georgia, he went into the outskirts and preached to the scattered people there. As a result at least one hundred were converted, and among them was Richmond Nolley.

In 1807, when only twenty-two years of age, he entered the ministry and began his preaching in Wilmington, North Carolina. In 1812, with three others, he was sent as a missionary to Mississippi and Louisiana, and the rest of his ministry was spent in this region. Sometimes he suffered persecution, sometimes great dangers, at other times privation. At one time the settlers were much

afraid of an Indian outbreak and gathered in their forts. Mr. Nolley marched unafraid from fort to fort and preached to the inmates. Good results followed. He visited all parts of his extensive parishes. It is said that on one occasion he followed a wagon track and found a settler about to camp. He was asked if he was a Methodist minister, and when the settler learned the fact he said: "I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I thought that I should be quite beyond their reach, but they got my wife and daughter into the church. Then in the late purchase—Choctaw Corner—I found a piece of good land, and was sure that I would have some peace of the preachers; but here is one of them before my wagon is unloaded."

Mr. Nolley replied: "My friend, if you get to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world, so you had better make terms with us and be at peace."

Mr. Nolley attended his Conference in 1815 and started back to his field of labor in company with his presiding elder. They had to pass through a vast swamp. At the end of it was Hemphill Creek. It was a dangerous stream to cross at that season of the year. On November 24 he came to an Indian village and secured a guide.

When they reached the stream it seemed to be almost impassable. He felt, however, that he must go on. He left his belongings upon the bank and tried to ride across. The current was swift and carried horse and rider down the stream. The banks were steep and afforded no opportunity of escape. Horse and rider were separated, the horse escaping on the side on which they entered, the man escaping from the stream on the other side. He called to the Indian to keep the horse until morning, and started for the nearest house, which was some two miles away. He was able to go about three quarters of a mile when he sank to the ground. Chilled and exhausted, he fell and rose no more. The next day a traveler found his body, lying at full length on the ground. His knees were muddy, showing that he had spent almost his last moment in prayer. So closed a life of service.

Long years after a minister who had labored in the same field wrote of him: "It does not appear that he was distinguished either for talents or acquirements—his grand distinction lay in his unquenchable love to Christ, rendering his life a voluntary, unbroken scene of toil and hardship and peril to save the souls for whom his Saviour died. His death was in keeping with his life, and was worthy to be its seal and crown."

XVII

SAMUEL TUCKER, MARTYR TO DUTY

In the Minutes of the Annual Conference for the year 1790 the first question asked is, "Who are admitted on trial?" Then follow the names of men filling two columes of fine print. The sixth name on the list is Samuel Tucker. In the appointments, come down to the third district (Francis Poythres, elder), and go down the list and you will find the place Limestone, and opposite it the names Samuel Tucker, Joseph Lillard. In the next year's Minutes we find the name, Joseph Lillard, but not that of Samuel Tucker. What had become of him? We would never have known if it had not been for the fact that James B. Finley wrote his autobiography and in it tells the reason why. He was evidently proceeding to his appointment in company with a band of settlers. We will allow Mr. Finley to tell the tragic story:

"The Indians attacked three boats, two of which were taken, and all the passengers destroyed. The other barely escaped, having lost all the men on board except the Rev. Mr. Tucker,

a Methodist missionary, who was sent by the bishop to Kentucky. Mr. Tucker was wounded in several places, but he fought manfully. The Indians got into a canoe and paddled for the boat, determined to board it; but the women loaded the rifles of their husbands, and handed them to Mr. Tucker, who took such deadly aim, every shot making the number in the canoe less, that they abandoned all hope of reaching the boat and returned to the shore.

"After the conflict, this noble man fell from sheer exhaustion, and the women were obliged to take the oars and manage the boat as best they could. They were enabled to effect a landing at Limestone, now Maysville; and, a few days after, their protector died of his wounds, and they followed him, weeping, to his grave. Peace to his dust, till it shall be bidden to rise! Though no stone marks the spot where this hero-missionary lies, away from his home and kindred, among strangers in a strange land, his dust is sacred till the resurrection morn, when it shall come forth reanimate to inherit immortality.

"The Indians, jealous of the white man, and fearful of losing their immense and profitable hunting grounds from the great tide of emigration which was constantly pouring in upon them, were wrought up to the highest pitch of fury and determined to guard, as far as possible, both passes

to it, namely, the Ohio River and the Old Crab Orchard Road, or Boone's old trace, leading from the southern portion of Kentucky to North Carolina. They attacked all the boats they had any probability of being able to take, using all the strategy of which they were masters to decoy them to the shore. Many boats were taken and many lives were lost through the deceit and treachery of the Indians and white spies employed by them."

A few months later Mr. Finley and his family passed over this course on the river and heard the story, and the Indians tried to decoy them to the shore to kill them.

Samuel Tucker was a probationer in the Conference, and so no mention of his death was made in the Minutes.

XVIII

GEORGE HARMON, TRAVELING COMPANION OF BISHOP McKENDREE

It was said of George Harmon that he knew the territory of Methodism in western New York better than any other minister of our church in his time. He traveled it as pioneer circuit rider, superintended it as presiding elder, and shepherded many a flock within its bounds as a pastor.

As stated in a previous chapter, the early days were a time of controversy. In some places the Baptists were our chief rivals in entering a new field of work. Many debates were held. Our ministers were usually prepared, and so were not often defeated. Mr. Harmon had a revival in a little community. As he was about to leave the report came to him that a Baptist elder was waiting for his departure so that he might enter the field and capture the converts for his church. Mr. Harmon sent a local preacher to fill his own engagements and stayed longer in the neighborhood, continuing the revival services and receiving several more converts. This firmly established Methodism in the place.

On another occasion Mr. Harmon was challenged by a Baptist minister to debate. Of course the challenge was accepted. The Baptist did not come, but sent a friend in his stead. The method of procedure was left to Mr. Harmon. He chose to preach, taking for his text, "I also will show mine opinion." In this sermon he laid down the proposition usually in controversy between the Methodists and Baptists. In his reply his opponent passed rather lightly over the points until he came to the subject of baptism. On this he made his chief argument. He made the proposition that no one "was authorized to baptize who had not been baptized himself." Mr. Harmon asked if he might ask a question.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Who baptized the apostles?"

"John the Baptist," was the answer.

"And who baptized John the Baptist?"

No answer was given, and the Baptist brother left, "highly excited." Mr. Harmon was very successful in that place, forming a society of one hundred members. He was the father of Methodism in Ithaca, New York.

In his work he encountered many perils. He has left a brief account of some of them. We give one which occurred in the year 1812: "I held a quarterly meeting in the north part of the district [Susquehanna], my next being on the

south part. I had to pass through the sixty miles of wilderness. I took what was called the Lycoming route. It was in the winter, the snow being two and three feet deep. I lodged all night at Spaulding's tavern, near the head of the Towanda. I started early the next morning, and rode some eight miles to Brother Soper's, on the Lycoming, and took breakfast. I then set out for Williamsport. When I came to what was considered the most dangerous crossing place on the route I found the river frozen over about one third of the way on each side. The snow, as above stated, was from two to three feet deep, and no one had passed to open the road. I paused but for a moment. I could not go back to Brother Soper's, some ten or fifteen miles, the last house I had passed; the sun had gone down. If I could cross there was a log tavern within about a mile. I knew the greatest danger would be in getting on the ice on the other side, for should the ice break I and my horse would both go under. I must venture it. I saw no other course. I was on a very spirited and powerful horse. I urged him forward, and when his feet touched the bottom his head went under water. As he arose on his hind feet I put both spurs into his flanks and he at once bounded off into the river. The water was so deep that it ran over the tops of my boots as I sat upon his back. I

got through without further difficulty. When I reached the tavern my first care was to have my horse attended to. But when I attempted to take off my boots they were frozen to my stockings. I bought half a pint of rum and bathed myself with it. I slept comfortably and took no cold. But my poor horse! The fatigue of worrying through the snow, and so often fording the river, so affected his limbs that I had to part with him at great sacrifice."

Here is another of his adventures in the year 1813:

"When I reached the last house in the settlement it was one o'clock. I took some refreshment and fed my horse. The family told me it was doubtful whether I could get through, it being early in the spring, and there being nothing to guide me but marked trees. Not even a footman had been through since last autumn, and it was probable that the path would be blocked up by fallen trees. Being on an excellent horse, I ventured on, but had not gone far before my difficulties commenced. Trees were blown down, and the path, at best a blind one, was blocked up. In some places I had to ride ten or fifteen rods around to get through, and then work my way to find my path again. At length it began to be dark, and in a short time I could not see the path or the marked trees. My horse seemed bewildered.

In the midst of my perplexity I thought I heard the sound of an ax. I started for it as straight as possible, and soon saw a light and a man chopping. He had taken up a lot in the wilderness, there being no house within six or eight miles. He had built a large fire and was chopping by its light. As soon as I thought I was near enough to make him hear me I hailed him. He was astonished to hear a human voice at that distance in the wilderness, and told me to stop immediately, as I must be on the brink of a precipice. There was a gulf between us, and he would try to get to me with a torch light. Of course I came to a full stop. When he reached the place I was astonished to find that not more than a rod before me was a yawning gulf, and a steep pitch of some fifteen or twenty feet down. The cold chills ran through me. The good woodsman hunted around and found the path." He had to go some fifteen miles further before he finally found shelter.

In 1814 Mr. Harmon traveled for some time with Bishop McKendree. He was a member of several General Conferences, and for many years a presiding elder. The last years of his long life were spent as a superannuate.

XIX

JOHN CLARK, INDIAN MISSIONARY

THE large family of former days is now the exception, but it was not so two or three generations ago. John Clark was one of twelve children, eleven of whom grew up. His parents were Calvinistic Baptists. He was born in 1797, at Hartford, New York. When he was eight years old his father lost his eyesight and his farm at about the same time. After that time the son was little at home. His advantages were very limited. When eighteen years old he became an apprentice in the tanning business, serving for nearly three years. "Previous to his leaving Mr. Rawson he had been converted, and though his employer was an unconverted man, and was called an infidel, yet he became convinced that his apprentice must become a preacher. Not a word had John uttered on this subject, even to his Christian friends; yet his irreligious master had marked his faithfulness, his devotion, and his increasing gifts, until the question was clear to his own mind. Of his own accord, he introduced the subject, and proposed to relinquish all further claim to his serv-

ices, although these were then more profitable to him than at any former time, as the apprentice was well skilled in his craft. How strong and clear must have been the evidence of the young man's call to the work of the ministry, to produce such an effect upon his employer!"

He was admitted to the New York Conference in 1820 and sent to a little town in Massachusetts. In the middle of the year he was taken up and sent to Saratoga. "The compensation which the ministers received was but a pittance, for they seldom realized their whole claims. They labored, but their hire was very uncertain; and our young itinerant found at the end of the year that his receipts only amounted to thirty dollars! Yet, only a few years since, when speaking of those times, and of those small receipts, he playfully remarked that he made quite a respectable payment on his note, which he had given for a horse, saddle, and bridle, which he had purchased on credit before going to his circuit. It ought also to be recorded that, besides the above sum in cash, he received the following articles as presents: one pair of woolen socks, flannel for one wrapper, and cloth for one pair of pantaloons!"

In 1828 he was made presiding elder of the Plattsburg District. In those days it was a remarkable proceeding to put at the head of a district a man of only eight years' experience. The

first time that he took his place in the bishop's council, to nominate ministers for the several charges in his district, he encountered the Ajax of the board in the person of an old presiding elder, who had not been accustomed to defeat. He nominated Brother C——— for Plattsburg, when the old veteran said, "You cannot have him; I want him myself." A few words of debate followed, when the bishop proposed to pass Plattsburg for the present. This was done, and a man was put down for another place. But the time arrived when Plattsburg must be provided for, and Mr. Clark again nominated Brother C———. This brought the veteran to his feet, and in tones and terms of severity he rebuked the youthful presiding elder. He said, "I have aided and instructed that boy; I have furnished him with books, been a father to him, and made him all that he is; and this is the return for all my kindness." And much more in the same strain.

After the old elder had taken his seat, some time passed in silence, when the bishop asked Mr. Clark if he had anything to say. He then arose, leaned over the chair, with his eyes fixed upon the floor, and in humble accents said: "Bishop, all that this aged father has said is true. He has been a father to me, he has made me all that I am; I shall never be able to repay him." And then, standing erect, he added: "But, sir,

since you have seen fit to put me in my present position, I am, in the matter of rights, exactly his equal. I know my rights, and am prepared to maintain them; and he must not expect that I will attempt to cancel my obligations to him by sacrificing the interests of my district." He then gave his reasons at length for believing that the best interests of the whole work would be subserved by the appointment of Brother C——— to Plattsburg. He took his seat; and the bishop said, "Put Brother C——— down for Plattsburg." For the bold and manly course taken by Mr. Clark, he received the thanks of several of the presiding elders, who said that it was the first time that the old hero had been withstood and defeated. It is proper to remark that the aged father never respected or esteemed him less than before, for he was a man of both good sense and piety, and is now with God.

In 1832 he was a member of the General Conference at Philadelphia. Here an appeal was made for missionaries to the Indians in Michigan. He offered himself for the work and was accepted, being appointed superintendent. It took him twenty-six days to go from New York to Sault Ste. Marie. He remained among the Indians for nine years. While here he also worked among the soldiers. He was called "White Eagle" by the Indians. In 1841 he felt the call of the beyond

and went to Texas. He was a delegate to the General Conference of 1844 from Texas. Here he took the Northern side and thus alienated and angered his Texan friends. This made it necessary for him to be transferred, and the Troy Conference was again his home, and he was immediately made presiding elder. He was a pastor of a church in Troy for a brief time, and then presiding elder again. All this time his heart was in the freer life of the West. He had, in fact, become a Western man. So in 1852 he was transferred to the Rock River Conference and appointed to the Clark Street Church, then one of the best in the city. Here he was the pastor of Mrs. Garrett, founder of Garrett Biblical Institute, and his biographer claims for him a large share in aiding her to come to the conclusion that she should do so noble a work.

In 1854 the cholera raged on the continent. When it reached Chicago Mr. Clark was indefatigable in relieving the suffering and comforting the dying. At last the dread disease claimed him for its victim, and he passed away July 11, 1854.

He was a member of six General Conferences. Sometimes he was a great preacher. When he was a presiding elder in Vermont a certain college professor preached at a camp meeting where Mr. Clark had charge. It was a wonderful sermon. Every minister on the ground refused to

follow, and all united in asking Mr. Clark to preach. This he did, equaling the great sermon of the morning in a wonderful discourse of two hours, holding the attention to the close.

In his work among the Indians he took long journeys by canoe, and spent weeks away from civilization. He won many to the Kingdom wherever he went.

XX

WILLIAM BEAUCHAMP, ALMOST A BISHOP

THE subject of this sketch is one whose name was known in all the churches of the early days. He may not have passed through as many dramatic situations as others in this series did; his name, however, is one that should not be forgotten by the church.

Mr. Beauchamp (pronounced Beecham) was born in Kent County, Delaware, in 1776. When fifteen he joined the church, and when nineteen began to preach. His ministry was in the wilderness and in the city, on the frontier and in the large cities of New York and Boston, in New England and in Ohio. He died in Indiana in 1824. He was a man of limited advantages, but well educated. In fact, for about six years he taught a private school in the island of Nantucket. It is said that he was well read in history, philosophy, and in mathematics, and familiar with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

In 1815 he removed to Chillicothe, Ohio, to become the editor of the Western Christian Monitor,

a monthly, one of the first papers published by the Methodists. We have seen only two copies of it. It was published for a year only (1816), and then discontinued because it was published at a loss. The late Bishop Clark had a copy before him in 1859. Mr. Beauchamp, one of the earliest authors of Methodism, had published "An Essay on the Truth of the Christian Religion." It was published in Marietta, Ohio, in 1811. In 1824 he was elected a member of the General Conference. There were four candidates for bishop. Bishops Hedding and Soule were elected. Mr. Beauchamp was third, and lacked only three votes of being elected. John Emory was fourth. I once asked a minister who was perfectly familiar with early Methodist traditions why Mr. Beauchamp was not elected, and he told me it was because he was a literary man, and some of the friends of the church held that it would damage the church to have such a man a bishop.

He was the first ordained Methodist preacher to preach on Nantucket Island, and during his pastorate there built the first Methodist church on the island. He was one of the founders of Mount Carmel, Illinois, and named it and surveyed it himself, but did not cease to preach.

He was exceedingly versatile. He knew much about medicine. He built a house and a mill, made a clock, repaired watches, and was fond of

working at the cabinet business. He could work in brass, iron, and wood. He was fond of music and encouraged its use. In fact, from his youth he was hungry for knowledge of all kinds. His judgment was so sound that it is said cases were taken out of court for him to settle.

He was a great preacher, his sermons leaving a lasting impression. From what his contemporaries said of him, he must have been an expository preacher. In the days when shouting was common at the preaching service, it is said that the people seldom shouted under his preaching, but all listened intently, and often their faces were bathed in tears. He was unassuming in manner. He was about five feet ten inches in height; had a light form, hair nearly auburn in color, rather a sallow complexion, and a pleasing face, which lighted up when his interest was aroused. He did much good. His last position was as presiding elder of the Indiana District, including the whole State. He did great and heroic work wherever he labored. Not all of his life was given to the ministry, but all of it was given to doing good.

XXI

PHILIP GATCH, PREACHER AND JUDGE

It is remarkable how many men other lands and other denominations have furnished to Methodism. The parents of Philip Gatch were born in Prussia and came to this country some time before the year 1727. His mother's maiden name was Burgin, and her family was originally from Burgundy. They settled near Baltimore, and it was here that Philip was born in the year 1751.

The first Methodist preacher that he ever saw was Nathan Perigo, one of the three preachers raised up as the result of the preaching of Robert Strawbridge. Under Mr. Perigo's preaching Philip was awakened, but not converted. For some time he was under deep conviction.

Methods of conversion differ; the fact is the same. Let him tell the story: "On the 26th day of April I attended a prayer meeting. After remaining some time I gave up all hopes and left the house. I felt that I was too bad to remain where the people were worshiping God. At length a friend came out to me and requested me to return to the meeting; believing him to be a good

man, I returned with him, and, under the deepest conviction bowed myself before the Lord, and said in my heart, 'If thou wilt give me power to call on thy name how thankful will I be!' Immediately I felt the power of God to affect me, body and soul. It went through my whole system. I felt like crying aloud. God said, by his Spirit, to my soul, 'My power is present to heal thy soul, if thou wilt but believe.' I instantly submitted to the operation of the Spirit of God, and my poor soul was set at liberty. I felt as if I had got into a new world. I was certainly brought from hell's dark door, and made nigh unto God by the blood of Jesus."

At first he was opposed by his people, but they were converted too, and the opposition ceased. Bishop Asbury soon set him at work as a local preacher. In 1772 he was sent into New Jersey, there establishing the work. As the result of his labors fifty-two joined the church. In 1773 he joined the Conference along with William Watters, the first American native-born Methodist minister.

His next appointment was in Virginia. Here he heard the famous Captain Webb preach. Here too he encountered the strong opposition of the rector of the parish. He also found opposition of a different sort. The following is one of his experiences: "One Sabbath morning, while on my

way to my appointment, accompanied by Frederick Bonner, late of Green County, then a youth of about eighteen years, I was met by two men, of whom I had no knowledge, of a stout and rough appearance. They caught hold of my arms, and turned them in opposite directions with such violence that I thought my shoulders would be dislocated; and it caused the severest pain I ever felt. The torture, I concluded, must resemble that of the rack. My shoulders were so bruised that they turned black, and it was a considerable time before I recovered the use of them. My lungs remained seriously affected, and my system was so debilitated that my prospect for serving the church as formerly failed. I thought that I must of necessity retire from the work. This to me was a gloomy reflection, and my mind became much rejected."

In 1778 he married, and soon after, his health becoming very poor, he was left without appointment to work wherever he could. In 1777 he was chosen one of five "to take the general superintendency in the place of the incumbent, who, with his countrymen, with the exception of Mr. Asbury, returned to England." He was at the head of the movement in regard to the administration of the sacraments that led to separation from the Established Church and the appointment of Mr. Asbury as bishop. After a time Mr. Gatch re-

moved to the State of Ohio, settling near Newtown, in the forks of the Little Miami River. He preached frequently.

In 1808, or just before, he was appointed associate judge of Clermont County, and served three terms of seven years each, and then retired voluntarily. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of Ohio. He was much esteemed for his sound judgment. During court he usually preached once or twice. At the Conference of 1796 he introduced two laws which remain as law for us to-day. First, the law that members of a church should be tried by the society to which they belonged. Previously ministers might try the members where they pleased. Second, the ordination of local preachers as local deacons. Dr. Coke was opposed to both measures, but they were passed by the Conference.

He is thus described by a contemporary who knew him in his prime: "He was tall and well proportioned; his hair was black, and he wore it long, extending over the cape of his coat. His dress was neat, with a straight-breasted coat, and in every respect as became a Methodist preacher of that day. He had a most impressive countenance. It showed no ordinary intellectual development, united with sweetness of disposition, unconquerable firmness, and uncommon devotion."

XXII

VALENTINE COOK, ORATOR

One would hardly imagine that Captain Cook, the navigator, had any relation to Methodism, even remotely. The father of Valentine Cook was second cousin to that famous man. The family came to this country before the War of the Revolution. For a time he was one of the students of Cokesbury College. In 1787 he began to preach. In 1800 he took charge of Bethel Seminary, in Kentucky, the second educational institution established by the Methodists in America. After a few years' work here he became principal of an academy at Harrodsburg, Kentucky. In 1819 he made a preaching trip to the East, visiting places where his early ministry had been. He made a deep impression wherever he went.

He was a man subject to great temptations, as will be seen from the following account given by him to one of his friends: "The day I left Uniontown and commenced the ascent of the Allegheny Mountains, the devil came to me and said: 'You are one of the most learned men of the Methodist Church; your fame has already reached

the Eastern cities. If you will change your manner in the pulpit a little, make your discourses more erudite, your style more florid, your manner less earnest and boisterous, you will be admired by the learned; the papers will be filled with your praise. New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore will throng the churches where you preach.' 'Ah, Satan, is that you?' said the venerable man, as he reined up his horse to a standstill. 'I will not go one step farther unless you leave.' Leaving the road a few hundred yards, I found the bottom of a deep ravine, where I thought myself safe from observation. I dismounted, tied my horse, fell on my knees, head to the ground; the snow was about six inches deep. I had been there but a few minutes when the devil again accosted me, and said: 'You look for all the world like a bear (his dress was a black overcoat with long cape); some hunter will soon see you and will shoot you.' I sprang up and looked in every direction for the hunter, but saw no one. 'Ah, Satan, that's you again. Let them shoot; I will not leave till you have.'" Here he wrestled for a long time; here he got the victory. Satan was bruised beneath his feet; angels came and ministered to him. He went on his way rejoicing, resolved to "preach the preaching" which his Master bade him, without any reference to self-aggrandizement.

His memory was wonderful. It was said of him that "so thoroughly posted was he in the teaching of the inspired penmen, that no passage could be called for that he was not able to repeat, or to which he could not turn in a few minutes." Yet he was an absent-minded man. "On one occasion he started for an appointment some six or eight miles from his residence. When but a short distance from the chapel at which he was to preach, he turned aside into the barrens, as was his custom, for the purpose of spending a while in private devotion. On remounting his horse and returning to the road, he unwittingly took the wrong end, and was jogging along toward home, humming a favorite tune, when met by some of his friends who were going to hear him preach. "Well, brethren," said the old gentleman, very pleasantly, "are you not going the wrong way?" They thought not. "We are going to Bibb's Chapel to hear you preach, and this is certainly the right road." He appeared much astonished, but, yielding the point, he turned about and accompanied them to the church, being much more inclined to laugh at the blunder than any of the company.

He was a man of great faith, and by many of his time he was thought to have the gift of healing.

Mr. Cook was remarkably fond of music, in-

strumental as well as vocal. He was a good singer himself, and wherever he went encouraged the young people especially to learn to sing, never forgetting the apostolic injunction, "with the spirit and with the understanding also."

His wonderful ability as a preacher can hardly be estimated at this distance in time. His appearance as described by a contemporary is interesting: "Valentine Cook was slightly above the medium height and size. There was no symmetry in his figure; his limbs, being disproportionately long, seemed more like awkward appendages than well-fitted parts of a perfect whole. He was what is called 'stoop-shouldered' to such a degree that his long neck projected from between his shoulders almost at a right angle with the perpendicular of his chest. His head, which was of a peculiar formation, being much longer than usual from the crown to the point of the chin, seemed rather suspended to than supported by the neck. A remarkably low forehead, small, deeply sunken, hazel eyes, a prominent Roman nose, large mouth, thin lips, a dark, sallow complexion, coarse black hair, with here and there a thread of gray, formed a *'tout ensemble'* in which nature seemed to have paid no regard to order, strength, or beauty. His singularly eccentric appearance, his homely apparel, and humble attitude, as he slowly approached the house, are imprinted upon

my mind as vividly now as when for the first time I looked upon him as I sat in my little portico."

His prayer life was preeminent. He prayed in secret three times a day and always for some time before preaching, giving much time to it.

He was so much thought of that, after his death, a memorial sermon was preached at the next session of the Kentucky Annual Conference, something rarely done.

Like all other early Methodists, he was a controversialist. His argument on baptism is all that remains of his work. This shows the marks of scholarship.

XXIII

HOPE HULL, EDUCATOR

In Worcester County, Maryland, March 13, 1763, Hope Hull was born. In those days it was the custom to give children names that meant something. In one home a child was called "Praise God" because the parents considered him a gift from God. "Patience" was a common name for girls. So probably the parents of Hope Hull gave him the name to signify some vital relation to their life. The name "Hope" was a name given to girls as well as boys.

It is supposed that he was converted in Baltimore. He joined the Conference in 1785, and was appointed to Salisbury, North Carolina, and subsequently to circuits in South Carolina and Georgia. In Georgia he formed the first Methodist societies ever formed in the State. Beverly Allen, founder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, had preached there three years before, but, it is thought, formed no societies. In 1794 he was traveling companion of Bishop Asbury. He was a strong opponent of slavery, and was often in danger from mobs.

In 1794 he located, and within two years married a daughter of John Wingfield, one of the

most respectable families in Georgia. In 1802 he removed to Athens, Georgia. He was appointed one of the trustees of the new State University located there. His own advantages had been poor, but he was something of a Latin scholar and a good English scholar. So he taught and preached after locating.

He was desirous that his children should have the advantages of which he had been deprived. He remained a trustee of the university to the end of his life. The income of the institution was derived largely from the rent of lands. The work of renting and collecting the rents was largely in his hands. At one time he was acting president. Wherever he was placed he did his best. It is said of him that "his whole life was emphatically spent in doing good."

One of his most intimate friends was that great old Southern war-horse, Lovick Pierce. He credited Mr. Hull with being one of the great preachers of the time. He said that "in some of his finest moods of thought, he seemed to look his words into you. He was one of nature's orators, who never spoiled his speaking by scholastic restraints. He wisely cultivated his mind and taste, that he might rightly conceive and speak; but he left all external oratory to find its inspiration in its subject, and to warm itself into life in the glow of his mind. Hence, in many of his

masterly efforts, his words rushed upon his audience like an avalanche, and multitudes seemed to be carried before him like the yielding captives of a stormed castle."

He was a man of great power in prayer, of great discernment, and sound common sense. By some it was thought that he was a prophet, for sometimes his preaching was so direct that he seemed to be revealing secrets to the assembled people, and many a conscience-stricken one yielded to the demands of the Holy Spirit. Dr. Pierce tells the story that on a certain occasion, after preaching, he was leading a class. "Having gone through the names on the class paper, he approached an elderly man sitting afar off and inquired after his soul's welfare. The old gentleman, after taking a sufficient time to digest his answer, squared himself around and said: 'I am like old Paul: when I would do good, evil is present with me.' To which Mr. Hull replied: 'I am afraid that you are like old Noah, too—get drunk sometimes.' It was a center shot, for the poor old man was a drunkard.

"Many such cutting remarks, made in utter ignorance of the persons to whom they were addressed, went to prove that he possessed a power of discerning spirits above most other men."

Undoubtedly this gift was often exercised by other early Methodist preachers.

XXIV

JOHN GADDIS, THE HEROIC CONVERT

At this distance in time, and with the change of relations between the denominations, it is hard to realize how great was the persecution of many of the early Methodists who came out from other denominations.

I have just been reading the fascinating autobiography of Maxwell P. Gaddis, entitled The Footprints of an Itinerant. In that he tells of the struggle which his mother and brother had. The family belonged to the Scotch seceders. Out of curiosity they all attended a Methodist camp meeting. John, one of the sons, was converted. The father found it out, and in a great rage "started his son homeward at the point of his cane." On the way, however, he calmed down and concluded to say or do nothing hastily.

When the good mother was told she wept bitterly and told John that she would have preferred to have him laid in his grave than to have him thus bring lasting disgrace to the family. She spent a large part of the evening in abusing the Methodists and making sport of the idea of conversion. He calmly reiterated, whenever oppor-

tunity offered, the fact "that God had awakened and converted his soul."

Monday morning his mother forbade his attending Methodist meetings or having anything to do with the Methodist young people. It was a severe testing time and drove him to God. Instead of giving up his experience, his faith became stronger, for he prayed much.

A prayer meeting was appointed at the house of a near neighbor. John went to his father and asked permission to attend. He finally consented, on condition that the mother would consent also. His mother refused his request and declared that she would compel him to obey. He retired to the barn to pray. He prayed until evening. His mother searched the house for him, and not finding him, concluded that he had gone to the forbidden meeting. She started out in great rage, with the intention of compelling him to go home with her. Her path led past the barn, where her boy was in prayer. When she first heard him praying, she did not recognize the voice of her son. As she listened she recognized his voice, and was powerfully convicted of her sin. She returned to the house, and soon retired for the night. John also returned to the house, and went to bed in utter ignorance of what had transpired.

The mother could not sleep, so deep was her conviction. Her alarm increased so greatly that her

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husband was frightened, and proposed that John should get a physician. As soon as John saw his mother he realized the trouble and prayed for her, and she was soundly converted, and the remainder of the night was spent in prayer and praise. The father thought both were partially demented.

The son was no more persecuted in the home. The mother, on the following Sunday, attended worship in her own church. The sermon appealed to her newly awakened soul and she shouted aloud, to the great confusion of pastor and people, and to the annoyance of her husband. This happened the second, and again the third Sunday. She was brought to trial before the session to answer to the specification of disorderly conduct in the house of God, for "shouting three successive Sabbaths." The case was dismissed, with an admonition to the husband to use all his influence to have her stop shouting in church. Soon after she attended a meeting of the Methodists, and felt at home among the despised people. She applied for a church letter, and soon joined the Methodists. The entire family in time also became Methodists. John and Maxwell P. and another brother became itinerants and labored for many years in the State of Ohio. If John had been untrue to his faith, the story would never have been told, and the endless results lost to the world forever.

XXV

WILLIAM B. CHRISTIE

It is hardly necessary to write of this saintly young man for Ohio Methodists. He died six months before he was forty. He was born in Wilmington County, Ohio, in 1803, and died in 1842. In reading the Methodist biography of the second generation of Methodists, his name often figures on the pages—and always figures large. Young as he was, he had served as presiding elder of three different districts. He occupied too some of the best appointments of the time in the Conference. He was a student at Augusta College, where graduated Bishop Foster and his brother-in-law, the great theologian, John Miley.

Judge McLean declared him to be "an extraordinary preacher." Bishop Morris stated that he excelled in three qualities—"beauty of language, force of argument, and pungency of application."

Maxwell P. Gaddis gives an interesting account of a wonderful prayer made by Mr. Christie at a camp meeting, when a great thunderstorm was approaching. He ascended the stand to close the

service. His voice at first was low, but sweet and melodious; but as he proceeded to line out Cowper's beautiful and well-known hymn, commencing,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm,"

all eyes in the congregation were riveted upon the stranger. With the reading and singing of each verse of that appropriate hymn, the devotional feeling increased in the audience till the tear of joy sparkled in many an eye; while the hearty "Amen" gave additional interest to the scene. At the close of the hymn the assembly knelt in prayer while the voice of the stranger was lifted to the throne of grace. At first the faint whispers of his voice were scarcely audible, owing to preparations in the rear of the stand for a rainy day. But as the preacher breathed out the desires of a burdened heart in a soft and subdued tone of voice, a solemn and awful stillness fell on the entire encampment. He had not continued long in prayer, till all within the area of tents, and in the rear, and on all sides of the ground fell upon their knees, or assumed a devotional posture. It was but a short time till the crack of the wagoner's whip and the sound of the ax in the

surrounding grove had died away. At last not a voice or a sound of a solitary footfall on the withered leaves disturbed the stillness of our devotions. The whole scene conspired to remind one of the address to the Hebrew prophet, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." It was soon apparent, even to the careless, that no ordinary personage was leading the devotion of the people of God at that hour. Brother Christie, after praying for the sanctification of the people of God, the conversion of sinners, and the success of the meeting in general, began to plead most eloquently with the Almighty God, if consistent with his will in the government of the world, to "stop up the bottles of heaven" and give us "fair weather," in which to continue our worship in the tented grove. Never shall I forget the sublime portions of the Word of God which were quoted in his prayer with great power and singular appropriateness. I will name a few; such as, "Behold, God is great. . . . For he maketh small the drops of water: they pour down rain according to the vapor thereof: which the clouds do drop and distill upon man abundantly. . . . For he saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth; likewise to the small rain, and to the great rain of his strength. . . . Also by watering he wearieth the thick cloud: he scattereth his bright cloud:

and it is turned round about . . . : that they may do whatsoever he commandeth them upon the face of the world in the earth." He also addressed the Almighty as the God of providence—as able to send or withhold rain at his pleasure—as causing it to come for "correction for his land or for mercy" and as "causing it to rain on one city and not on another"; and as working everything after the counsels of his own will, and "that snow and vapor, stormy wind, rain and hail" all fulfilled his word, and then quoted, with pathos and resistless power, the entire history of Elijah on Mount Carmel, and closed by quoting a verse from the hymn sung at the close of the sermon:

> "Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
> But trust him for his grace;
> Behind a frowning providence
> He hides a smiling face."

Never till that day had I known so fully the power and efficacy of prayer; and never before did I witness such a striking and remarkable answer to prayer. The minister on that occasion seemed to converse with God "face to face," as a man with his friend. As the petitioner approached nearer and nearer still the "mercy seat," sprinkled with the blood of the Son of God, his faith waxed stronger and stronger until "he prevailed with

God"; and the humble, fervent prayer of the suppliant was almost instantly answered. Hundreds of "living witnesses" at this day would unite their testimony to mine in confirmation of this wonderful interposition of God in answer to the prayer of his faithful servant.

From his deathbed Mr. Christie sent word to the members of the Ohio Conference: "If they think my name worthy of being mentioned, I have not preached an unknown and unfelt Saviour. Tell them, that though unworthy and unfaithful, that gospel which I have preached sustains me now. Tell the ministers to preach Christ and him crucified. Tell them my only hope, my only foundation, is in the blood of sprinkling. Precious blood! O the fullness, the richness, the sweetness of that fountain!"

Undoubtedly he was brought to his early death by the privations and exposure which he endured. His funeral was held in Wesley chapel and the edifice was more than filled. Many distinguished people were present to pay their last tribute to the great soul-winner that he was.

XXVI

GLEZEN FILLMORE, THE FIRST METHODIST PASTOR OF BUFFALO, NEW YORK

It is not often that we have been able to see a likeness of the subject presented in one of these articles, but in this case we find a splendid steel engraving published in an early number of the Methodist Magazine and reproduced in Conable's History, referred to in another article of this series. Mr. Fillmore is presented as a large, genial appearing man, of evident power and goodness. Winning by his smile and undoubtedly capable not only of intense enjoyment himself, but able to produce the same feeling in others.

He was born in Bennington, Vermont, in 1789, and died in Clarence, New York, in 1875. His wife survived him and lived to pass the age of one hundred and six. Mr. Fillmore spent nine years as a local preacher. His father objected to his preaching as a member of the Conference, but after hearing the son preach a two-hour-long camp-meeting sermon withdrew his objection, and the young preacher became a regular member of the Conference.

In 1821 he was appointed presiding elder of the Erie District, which at that time extended from Lake Ontario to Meadville, Pennsylvania. He had been a member of Conference for only three years when appointed, a fact which caused some criticism of the authorities for appointing so young a man. The late Dr. Sanford Hunt told the story that on his way home from the Conference he attended a camp meeting. Many ministers were present. When he came to preach, it was with a great feeling of responsibility. He said, "I soared, and soared so high that I burned my wings and came down flat, and I have never attempted to fly since."

The Rev. F. W. Conable knew Mr. Fillmore, working under his care in the years 1850-54. He states that he was a very strong preacher, but never used notes in his preaching. "Elder Fillmore generally selected plain texts, but sometimes his congregation would be agreeably surprised with a selection calculated to awaken the spirit of curiosity, leading his hearers in their own minds to ask, 'Well, what will you do with that?' At a quarterly meeting on the West Carlton charge, on Saturday, he took for his text the fourteenth verse of the second chapter of Solomon's Song, 'O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for

sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.' Making the dove represent the faithful Christian, he remarked that one characteristic was watchfulness—suggestive of the habit of watchfulness becoming the Christian—and as a dove one might see on the ground in the road before him as he was riding along, said he, 'Careless thing! you thought you were going to run over it, but you didn't.'

"This servant of God was accustomed to preach to the children and young people, and being a quick, shrewd, though quiet observer of the ways and habits of persons and families and of passing events, he was prepared to address to the young, as well as to those of mature years, many a useful lesson and vauable hint relating to matters of personal conduct and the affairs of everyday life. In a sermon to the young at West Carlton he called attention to the importance of cultivating the habit of maintaining order and tidiness at home, in the house and on the premises round about, and he made plain the bearing of such a habit in the formation of character and in securing success in life. In doing this he referred to some things which had a bad look—the drawers half shut, with the corners of articles hanging out, as if they would say, 'We are all in a tumble here!' in driving the cows to pasture leaving the bars down and mischief resulting. Two boys who

heard the sermon had that morning left the bars down, and they began to be afraid, and wondered who had told the minister of them."

In many respects Father Fillmore was a model man. He was a pleasant visitor, a good eater, and a good sleeper. "At Akron, on a time, the preacher stationed there was working over a difficulty in the church, and his sleep departed from him. The elder, being there probably at his quarterly meeting, the preacher said, 'Father Fillmore, what would I give if I could go to bed and sleep as soundly as you do?' 'Why,' answered he, 'that is what I go to bed for.'

"The subject of these reminiscences took the rough things of life very much like a philosopher, or rather like a Christian. At one time a lady inquired of him to know whether he was designing to publish a history of his life, giving an account of his 'trials,' etc. 'Trials!' said he with evident emotion, 'I never had any.'"

Four times he served Buffalo as its pastor, and including his years as presiding elder, had to do with its spiritual affairs for twenty-one years.

XXVII

JAMES MOORE, OF NEW JERSEY

THIS good man is not as widely known as he deserves. We are mostly indebted for our knowledge of him to a sketch written by the late president of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association, the Rev. E. H. Stokes. How much Methodism owes to Ireland! From Ireland came Embury and his party. From Ireland came Bishop Asbury. From Ireland too came James Moore. He was born in the County of Tyrone in 1760. When twenty-six he joined the Methodist Society. Six years later he came to America. The young Irishman had only been here two years when he joined the Philadelphia Conference. That same year William Beauchamp and Nicholas Snethen, two of the great leaders of the church, joined the traveling connection. His ministry was spent in Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey. He it was who led in the erection of the first Methodist Episcopal Church in Newark, New Jersey. Here, in 1808, the Halsey Street Methodist Church was built. The mother church of this part of New Jersey is the Belleville Church.

Here were held some great quarterly meetings. The Rev. John Dow was a famous local preacher of this place. On one of these occasions the wants of one hundred and eighteen persons were supplied by this good man.

James Moore was not a man of learning, but, rather, of power, and that largely due to his simplicity. It is said that his sermons were more like conversations than formal discourses. "Christian Experience" was his great theme, and so confident was he of the truthfulness of his statements that he would often exclaim in the middle of his discourses with a great deal of Christian and Irish fervency, "It's as true as ould Jeems Moore stands here on this day," and then appealing to anyone in the audience whose eye chanced to meet his, would continue: "Ain't it so, Brother A.?" and then Brother A., and perhaps a score of others, would respond with an emphatic "Yes," a volley of hearty "Amens," or floods of tears. He was a great singer, too, and would almost invariably come down the pulpit steps, after a sermon, singing his favorite air:

"Is there anybody here like a weeping Mary?
Call on my Saviour, and he'll draw nigh."

Advancing in his song, he would insert in the place of "weeping Mary," "a doubting Thomas," or a "sinking Peter." Then, after having gained

the sympathy of his audience, with tears streaming from his own eyes, his whole soul would break forth:

"Is there anybody here who wants their souls converted?
Call on my Saviour, and he'll draw nigh,
O glory, glory, glory be to God on high."

It was a rare thing when some did not respond to these calls; and thousands newly born to God have united with him in singing:

"O glory, glory, glory be to God on high."

The following story is told by the late Rev. Anthony Atwood, of the Philadelphia Conference, and quoted by Dr. Stokes in his article. The incident occurred at the session of the New Jersey Conference at Trenton, April, 1839, about two years before the death of Mr. Moore:

"Bishop Hedding was in the chair, and we were receiving the young man who was said to have a good mind, and some preaching talents, but was reported as slow, and very sluggish in his manner, and very much lacking in fire and zeal. This I consider a sad defect in a man so young, and remarked: 'If he was so deficient in natural fire now in youth, he would in a few years be unbearable, as it was common for men to lose much of their zeal when age had dried up their youthful activities.' Bishop Hedding turned to Father

Moore, who sat in the corner at his left, and said: 'Brother Moore, how do you like the doctrine of Brother Atwood? Do you think a minister is apt to lose his fire as he grows old? I want to hear your opinion?' I saw I was totally annihilated. The church was full in every part listening to what was said, and, as the man who fell under the wheel and said that to be run over was inevitable, made himself as hard as possible, I prepared myself for the storm that I knew was coming. Brother Moore rose up slowly, and began to speak of his interest in the work of God formerly and now. As he proceeded he arose to a state of feeling the most sublime and inspiring that I ever witnessed. He shook with deep emotion. He usually had a rapid utterance, but now faster than ever, until the whole house was perfectly convulsed with intense excitement. As usual, the shout began among the preachers, then the galleries caught the spirit and followed, until the noise of shout and praise went up like the sound of many waters. For a length of time no business could be done. The good bishop shook, wept, and praised God with all the others. It was a wonderful scene, worth traveling many miles to witness and enjoy—a feeling that no man could wake up but James Moore, and he could and did do it often. The bishop was aware of this, and seeing a good opportunity to wake up

an unusual shout, could not afford to let it pass unimproved. I, of course, could only say I thought that my position was a sound one in general, but Bishop Hedding and James Moore were exceptions to the rule, and business resumed its usual course."

James Moore was a man of prayer, and many amazing stories are told of the results of his faith. He loved the work, and literally won thousands to the Master. He might have been called one of the modern apostles.

XXVIII

JOHN KOBLER, THE YOUNG PRESIDING ELDER

To be a presiding elder at twenty-five years of age would in our day be an impossibility. Most men who enter the ministry now are at least of that age. But such was the experience of John Kobler.

Our hero was born in Culpepper County, Virginia, August 29, 1768. When nineteen he was converted, and when twenty-one joined the Conference and began to preach. The first district, which he served four years, was in Virginia. On the conclusion of his term he was immediately appointed elder in Kentucky to succeed Francis Poythress. In the bounds of this district was the famous Limestone Circuit, to which we have previously referred. Here he remained about a year, when he was sent over the Ohio River into the Mad River Country. In this section he was to form a circuit.

This is declared to be the first circuit in the State of Ohio. True, there had been an Ohio Circuit in the Minutes for some time, but this did not include any part of the present State of Ohio.

It included only the towns on the Ohio River in western Pennsylvania and Virginia. He formed the Miami Circuit, and reported to the Conference of 1799 ninety-eight white members and one colored member. The next year he spent in Kentucky and the year following in Virginia. This completed his active ministry of twelve years. He was worn out at the age of thirty-three. Thirty-five years after he was placed upon the roll of the Baltimore Conference, within the bounds of which he lived. This was entirely without his solicitation.

One item of his life is especially worthy of mention. When he was seventy-four they were building a new church at Fredericksburg, where he lived. He was much interested in the project and visited his Western friends, soliciting their aid, and as a result paid into the treasury of the church toward the new enterprise over one thousand dollars which he had collected. Bishop Asbury and he were good friends. I have seen three letters written to John Kobler by the bishop. Undoubtedly he was high in the good graces of the bishop. In one of the letters the bishop explains that he is unable to meet the Conference as appointed, and adds: "I have herein inclosed a plan of stationing the preachers which I should be glad should take place; but you must do as well as you can in cases of failure or contin-

gencies, and I desire you, if Brother McHenry should not be present, to take the presidency of the Conference, and go through in regular order, taking their names, members, numbers, and elections, if any of them should have the right of election, which is two years' probation." Mr. Kobler was then only twenty-six years old.

Fortunately for us, Maxwell P. Gaddis has preserved in his Footprints of an Itinerant a portion of the journal of this good man Kobler. He was the first Methodist to preach in Dayton. In this we find an account of some of his hardships. "In this neighborhood there are six or eight Methodists settled, and among them is a local preacher by the name of Hamer. I think he came down from the Redstone country; is from forty to forty-five years of age. Last year he raised a class of the few scattered Methodists here, and for a while met them as leader. I visited each of them severally, as far as possible, examined into the state of their souls, and found some of them filled with prejudice. I held a second public meeting among them and read the rules of the Society; laid before them the great necessity of Christian union in church membership, and invited all those who could fellowship each other to come forward and join in class. So we organized a class of eight members, of whom Brother Hamer was appointed leader."

This is his record of his preaching in Dayton: "Lord's Day, August 12, 1798. Preached in Dayton, a little village by that name on the bank of the Big Miami River, and just below its junction with Mad River. Here are a few log houses and eight or ten families residing. Here I saw some tokens for good; the people seemed to receive the word preached with all readiness of mind; indeed, several in the company were affected."

XXIX

JOSEPH LILLARD, COLLEAGUE OF SAMUEL TUCKER

THE famous Limestone Circuit of Kentucky, now called Maysville, has a great fascination for us. In our researches we return to it again and again. Here Samuel Tucker met his death. His colleague was Joseph Lillard.

Concerning Mr. Lillard little is known, but that little we will give. He was born near Harrodsburg, Kentucky. We do not know the story of his conversion. He was admitted to the Conference in 1790, the same year in which Samuel Tucker, his first colleague, joined. Possibly they were at Conference together. The death of Samuel Tucker left him alone on the circuit. His toil must have been enormous. We find that in his year's work the membership increased from sixty-six to one hundred and thirty-seven white and six colored members.

His second year in the ministry was on the Salt River Circuit, with Wilson Lee as senior preacher. This circuit had a much larger membership, which was materially increased, over one

hundred being added. These two years completed his service in the active ministry. Why he was discontinued we do not know. He remained a local preacher all his life. He settled near his birthplace, and from there went to preach in all the surrounding region.

Dr. J. M. Peck, a Baptist minister, tells an incident of his visit to Illinois. During his visit he became temporarily insane. He wandered away from his friends and started for Kaskaskia. The Indians had been on the trail and had scalped and murdered a man named Sipp. The body, mutilated as it was, was left on the trail. It was enough to startle any man. The sight and horror of it restored the mind of Mr. Lillard, and he returned to his friends. This is said to be the first visit ever paid to the State by a Methodist preacher, and he probably preached the first sermon preached in the State by a Methodist at a place called New Design. He was the first of a long line of good men who have made of Illinois a great Methodist stronghold. His gifts as a preacher were not great, but he was a good man. He possessed some of the eccentric characteristics of our early preachers.

About nine miles from Harrodsburg, Kentucky, there stood, a few years ago, a large brick church known as Joseph's Chapel; in all probability it is standing now. This was built principally

through his liberality and effort, and was named after him.

The last visit he made was to Missouri. On his return, about the year 1853, he died. It is not known just how or where. Some of his relations and friends thought he was murdered.

His home was always open to his brother itinerant. His reputation seems to have been for goodness combined with deep piety and liberality. He must have been a very young man when he began preaching as the colleague of Samuel Tucker.

XXX

JACOB GRUBER, THE ECCENTRIC

JACOB GRUBER was the son of Pennsylvania German parents, who were godly though bigoted. He heard Methodist preaching for the first time from Simon Miller and Isaac Robinson, two itinerants, and was interested but not converted. A little later Valentine Cook came to the neighborhood, and under his preaching Jacob Gruber was converted and soon began to preach. At first his parents and friends persecuted him, and he soon was obliged to leave home. He began preaching as a supply under the elder, but joined the Conference in the year 1800. After six years' service he was made presiding elder. On his district he had some great experiences. We give one of them: "My travels among the Pendleton and Greenbrier Mountains were hard and severe. One very cold night in the winter I took a path for a near way to my stopping place, but got out of my course, wandered about among the hills and mountains, and went to the top of one of them to see clearings, or hear dogs bark, or roosters crow, but all in vain. After midnight the moon

arose. I could then see my track. The snow was knee deep, and I went back till I got to the right course, and reached my lodgings between four and five o'clock in the morning. The family was alarmed, and said I was late, but I called it early. After lying down and sleeping a little, I arose and, getting breakfast, departed on my day's journey, filling two appointments."

He was a hortatory preacher, going directly to his subject, often with powerful effects. "At a certain camp meeting, where, notwithstanding all the powerful exhortations of the preachers, but few persons were found to come to the altar and seek religion, and where there was a general apathy among professors of religion, he resorted to the following expedient: taking his stand in the altar at the base of the pulpit, he said, in pathetic tones, 'Come on, brethren, I want to get a little more converted myself.' Then falling at the mourners' bench, he commenced praying with all his might. The effect was electrical. The people crowded in from all quarters, saints and sinners. Many professors soon became much excited, and loud shouts were heard on all sides." Many were converted.

He was a great despiser of the fashions in dress, and would inveigh against them on all occasions. His biographer gives an amusing incident showing this peculiarity: "About that time a certain

article of dress among the ladies known as 'petticoat and habit' came into general use; and as fashion will sooner or later have its way, it obtained among the young ladies of the Methodist Church. Gruber was attending a camp meeting in the neighborhood of Franklin, Pennsylvania. At this meeting there were several young ladies dressed after this fashion. Their appearance so thoroughly displeased him that, true to his instincts, he determined, if possible, to administer a public reproof. During a prayer meeting some of these fashionables were grouped together, singing a hymn which was very popular in those days. This hymn, the chorus of which was,

'I want to get to heaven,
My long-sought rest,'

they sang with animation, and their animation increased as they saw the presiding elder advance and join them. It was discovered after a while that he changed the last line of the chorus, and instead of singing,

'I want to get to heaven,
My long-sought rest,'

he sang,

'I want to get to heaven,
With my long, short dress.'

One after another, as they detected the change in the chorus, ceased singing until all had stopped, leaving Gruber alone. At this he sang more lustily than ever, so that all around could hear. The 'long, short dresses' began to disappear, and the conscience of Gruber was not again disturbed on that score during the remainder of the meeting."

At a certain camp meeting he was obliged to preach, and on short notice. He preached a sermon to slaves and slave-holders. He was arrested and tried for inciting slaves to rebellion, and was acquitted. He was always much thought of, and soon after his trial Bishop Roberts gave him the choice of a district or a circuit. He preferred the latter.

The following incident will give some idea of his wit: "A young preacher, desirous of improving his style as a pulpit orator, and having great confidence in Father Gruber, who, we believe, at the time was his presiding elder, wrote to him for advice. The young man had contracted the habit of prolonging his words, especially when under the influence of great excitement. Deeming this the most important defect in his elocution, Gruber sent him the following laconic reply:

"'DEAR-AH BROTHER-AH—When-ah you-ah go-ah to-ah preach-ah, take-ah care-ah you-ah don't-ah say-ah Ah-ah! Yours-ah, JACOB-AH GRUBER-AH.'"

He was seventy-two when he died. It is said that "he performed more work, preached more sermons, endured more fatigue and hardship, with less abatement of mental and physical energy, than perhaps any other minister of his times." Indeed, the steady and glowing flame of his zeal and industry was never quenched until extinguished by death.

XXXI

JAMES GILMORE OF THE ECCENTRIC GROUP

Some twenty or more of the early Methodist fathers seemed to have had a strong vein of eccentricity running through their characters. Such were Billy Hibbard, Jacob Gruber, Lorenzo Dow, John Allen, Peter Cartwright, and our present subject, James Gilmore. From several sources, but principally from Dr. George Peck's Early Methodism, I have found stories illustrating this trait in his character.

"A young woman, the daughter of a good Methodist brother, obstinately refused to be converted, or even to kneel in family prayer. He tried in various ways to move her, but all in vain. 'Well,' said he, 'you are determined to go to hell, and if you will go, then the sooner you go, the better.' This rather shocked her; but she was utterly astounded, when he prayed in the family, to hear him call her name and tell the Lord how wicked she was, and then ask the Lord 'if she would not repent, to kill her and take her out of the way of others whom she was hindering.' She got out of his way as soon as prayer was over, and went

off in a great state of excitement. She told the story to a young friend, and fretting and chafing said she thought as likely as not the Lord would kill her, adding that if he did, she would lay all the blame to Gilmore. The poor girl finally became penitent, and lived and died in the church."

"He came to Attica on the Sabbath and found the people all at their work, and the grist-mill running. He sent out a boy to publish that a new minister would preach in a certain place. The house was full, and Gilmore laid on the lash in his own peculiar style. Among other things of the same sort, he said: 'Tell your miller that if he don't stop grinding on Sunday he'll be ground to all eternity. Hell will be the bed-stone and God Almighty the runner.'" Strange to say, several were converted and a class established there.

During the war of 1812 he visited the hospital in Buffalo. "An officer ordered him away with profane language. Gilmore replied, 'If you do not stop swearing, God will kill you and send you to hell.' The guard presented his bayonet, and threatened to run him through. Gilmore stood his ground, reproving him for his blasphemy, and the officer repeated his threats. When the courageous messenger of God was ready he left, but in such wise as to prove that he had not been frightened away."

His method of pastoral visiting would hardly do in this day. He visited each house in turn. "He came in and without being seated, asked, 'Have you any religion here?' If the answer was not satisfactory, he added, 'You must repent or you will go to hell. Good-by.'"

The following story is so strange that it seems hard to believe. It is given on such good authority that we are compelled to believe it. We give it in the words of Dr. George Peck: "He preached in a place called Naples, and was so outspoken and fearless that the people concluded that he seriously interfered with their pleasures, and resolved to drive him from the place. At one of his meetings after service had commenced, a leading citizen swung his hat and hallooed 'Hurrah!' All was confusion in a moment and Mr. Gilmore, finding it impossible to restore order, left, and put up with a friend in the place. Before he retired he prayed with the family, and, referring to the disturbers, prayed that God would kill them and send them to hell, as they would probably never come to repentance. Fourteen of the rioters and their connections died suddenly within a short time. The facts were put together by the survivors, and the opposition ended."

We must again emphasize the thought which we have expressed in other articles. We must not consider that the eccentric traits made up all the

character; on the contrary, these men were usually men of sterling worth, who believed and preached intensely, and persuaded men and women by scores everywhere to repent and be saved.

XXXII

JOHN RAY, THE WITTY KENTUCKIAN

THE Limestone Circuit furnished a great field for heroism and for the development of character. After Peter Massie, John Ray came as pastor. Under his ministry almost a hundred members were added to the church. This eccentric man was born January 21, 1768. He was a true frontiersman. The visit of some Methodists to his home community led to his being soundly converted. In 1793 he entered Conference and labored in Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina until 1801, when, completely worn out, he located and returned to Kentucky. He remained a local preacher for eighteen years. This did not hinder him from preaching often. He usually had a regular round of appointments and won many for the Kingdom. He was a noted soul-winner, being especially successful in altar work. In 1819 he was readmitted to the Conference, and preached for nine years. The last nine years of his life he was included in the roll of superannuates. He died at Greencastle, Indiana, in 1837.

He is described by one of his friends as "A man

of large stature—tall, well proportioned, rather portly, erect, noble and commanding in appearance. His features were regular, of a strong masculine cast. Benignant humor, independent boldness, uncompromising firmness, and biting sarcasm were strongly written upon his countenance. His step was firm and elastic. He was of graceful and commanding mien. His complexion, though dark, was not swarthy. His hair, though doubtless originally a deep brown, when I first saw him was a magnificent iron gray, standing nearly erect upon his forehead, and hanging down from ear to ear in bushy curls upon his shoulders."

He was absolutely without fear. The Rev. Dr. Ralston is authority for a story which illustrates this. "He with several others had prosecuted a man for kidnapping a family of free Negroes. This person had carried off two lads and had sold them in west Tennessee. In order to save himself from the State prison he was compelled to send and purchase the Negroes at an enormous advance, and surrender them to the courts. He was greatly exasperated and determined to seek revenge on his prosecutors. Not long afterward Ray and myself, with two other persons, were returning from the city of Lexington, where we had attended a Conference. We had not traveled far before we found ourselves pursued by a party of

five men, armed to the teeth with knives and pistols. They followed us until we reached a certain place, when they rode up, swearing that they would be revenged by shedding Ray's heart's blood. He received them as coolly as if they had been harmless travelers. 'If you think,' he said, 'to frighten me by this maneuver, you are a set of cowards, or you would not come up armed against an unarmed man. It is dastardly. You are young men; I am an old man: why all this parade?' I and the other brethren told them that if they touched Ray it would be at their peril, and urged them to desist for the sake of their own reputation, if for no other reason. We finally succeeded in dissuading them from their purpose, but through it all the intended object of their vengeance remained perfectly unmoved."

We have space for only one anecdote illustrating his readiness of wit. Ray generally rode a very superior horse. Once as he was riding through the town of M——— a group of young lawyers and doctors, seeing him approach, plotted that they would "stump" him in some way when he came up. On his arrival their chosen spokesman commenced: "Well, Father Ray, how is it that you are so much better off than your Master? He had to ride on an ass, but you are mounted on a very fine horse; you must be proud. Why don't you ride as did your Master?"

"For the simple reason," said Ray, "that there are no asses now to be obtained—they turn them all into lawyers and doctors."

They said no more.

XXXIII

"REFORMATION" JOHN ADAMS

METHODISM has produced some eccentric characters. It is to its credit that it could touch a Lorenzo Dow and send him, a flaming torch, to bring light to many a darkened soul. We sometimes think only of the oddities of such men and forget for what they stood in their own generation.

"Reformation" John Adams was a man of this type. He was not widely known outside of the New England States, where his lifework was done.

Our hero came from *the* Adams family. His great-grandfather was the uncle of President Adams, a direct descendant of John and Priscilla Alden, of Mayflower fame.

Mr. Adams was born at Newington, New Hampshire, February 14, 1791, and died at Newmarket, September 30, 1850. When he was thirteen he heard a funeral sermon which affected him for a number of weeks. Later he was much affected by the death of a cousin, and yet again by a sermon which he heard delivered by George Pickering, the first Methodist whom he had seen. Now

he was thoroughly aroused. After attending a meeting, he was crossing a pasture alone. He says: "I bowed down to pray for mercy; yet the tempter drove me from my knees. I went on farther, and bowed again, however, and here I had a clear discovery of my lost condition, and the damning nature of sin. Hell now appeared before me, and I saw the justice of God in my condemnation. O, the distress my soul was in I cannot describe!" That night he went to a meeting. Here he finally found peace.

The first person whom he won to Christ was his own mother. He soon felt that he must preach, and offered himself, and was accepted by the Conference and sent into the State of Maine.

His struggles were many in his long ministry. He won many for the kingdom of Christ. Some years he records two hundred additions. He always spoke of a revival as a reformation, and thus derived his nickname. His journal is full of the record of prayers for reformation and the success of his efforts. In 1818 several sea captains were converted under his ministry.

His experiences were not always like this: "Monday I came to Weymouth, and one of the wicked blew a blast at me on the way. In the evening our meeting was powerful, but the steward and class leader arose in opposition to me and Mrs. Adams and the two preachers with

us. Then we went to Mr. Rice's and, retiring to our chamber, prayed and wept before God till midnight."

He worked very hard. In his journal he speaks of attending more than twenty meetings in a week and four days. His ministry on the Island of Nantucket was very remarkable. We have not space to describe it, but refer the reader to his journal. To this we are indebted for the facts of this article.

He had a great gift in selecting appropriate texts. At a camp meeting he won the attention of the rowdies by preaching on the text, "Suffer me that I may speak; and after that I have spoken, mock on" (Job 21. 3). He had their attention.

In speaking of a man, he said: "He was Gray by name, and had become somewhat gray and rusty in his Majesty's service, because he had not frequently anointed his shield, or exercised that faith that works by love." He described a meeting as "powerful, and some were awakened, and we battered the two rocks of unconditional fatality, and God kept us channel-way." In speaking of an opponent in a controversy, he said, "I punished the leviathan with the sword of silence."

He prayed for a couple of young ministers. One was named Mills. He prayed "that God would increase Mills into good cents, and so on

to crowns, hoping that he and his colleagues would be crowned with glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life." He described the sermon of another who had a hard time in preaching by saying, "It was death in the pot."

It is said that on one occasion this eccentric man bound a penitent to the altar with a rope and would not release him until he was converted. In speaking of a great meeting he said "a hundred arose for prayers. Glory to God! more than five tons of unbelief went off."

XXXIV

BILLY HIBBARD, THE ECCENTRIC

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago the name of Billy Hibbard was almost a household word in Eastern Methodism. Most of his ministry was spent in the State of New York. He has left his autobiography which gives the revelation of an interesting man. A writer said of him: "In him contrarieties were strangely blended. He was grave, yet facetious; serious and thoughtful, yet witty and humorous; stern in appearance and in manner, yet as tender and docile as a child."

Many amusing incidents are told of him. The following is the best known. The first Conference he attended soon found out his character. His name was twice called by the secretary as William Hibbard without eliciting a response. The bishop said, "Brother Hibbard, why don't you answer to your name?"

"I will when it is called," he replied.

"Is not your name William?" said the bishop.

"No, sir," said he.

"What is it?"

"It is Billy Hibbard."

"Why," said the bishop, "that is a little boy's name."

"I was a very little boy when my father named me," was the reply. You can imagine the merriment of the audience. In 1798 he joined the New York Conference after having supplied a year on the Pittsfield Circuit in Massachusetts.

At another Conference he was objected to on the ground that he sometimes practiced medicine. The bishop inquired if the report that he practiced medicine were true. "I do not," he said, "I only give advice in critical cases."

"What advice do you give?" asked the bishop.

"I always advise them to send for a physician," he replied.

On one occasion a young man grossly insulted him. Mr. Hibbard said to the young man: "I perceive, young man, that you are destitute of good manners."

"I have good manners too," was the reply.

"Well, if you have," said Mr. Hibbard, "you are keeping them as an old man I heard of did his money—for his children; he never used any for himself."

His eccentricity appeared in his selection of hymns. If possible, he always selected a hymn in one of the unusual meters. He was the author of several hymns in some of the old camp-meeting selections. They are said to be quite good.

On one occasion he was in the Forsyth Street Church, in New York, seated in the altar, while

a collection for some purpose was being taken. Mr. Hibbard had recently been ill, and was obliged to take medicine, and when the collectors passed by the altar he arose and put a box of pills on the plate, saying: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee." This story was told by one of the collectors to the late Cornelius R. Disosway.

The same gentleman is responsible for another reminiscence. Mr. Hibbard spent most of his life preaching in the country, but one Sabbath preached for the first time in a city church. For the first half hour he struggled along trying to assume what he thought to be a city manner. He finally gave it up and said: "Now, my friends, my name is Billy Hibbard, a plain man, and I find this way of preaching will not do for me, and that I must preach as I usually do"—and he did so. Many years after, while traveling in Connecticut he met a stranger, who said to him: "You are the Rev. Billy Hibbard?"

"Why, how do you know me?" was his reply.

"O, I know you very well; you, years ago, preached in the Forsyth Street Church in New York and I was convicted and it led to my conversion."

"Well," said Mr. Hibbard, "under which part of the sermon was it, the first or the last?"

"The last," said the stranger.

"Ah," said Hibbard, with an amused look on his face; "I thought so."

His death was hastened by the division of the Church in 1844. So great was his grief that he died the same year. His life was not simply a life of eccentricity. It was a life of soul-winning. He won hundreds for the kingdom of God. The late Rev. J. L. Gilder remembered him as large of frame, tall, broad-shouldered, with features strongly defined. His complexion was dark, eyebrows heavy, overhanging hazel eyes, usually atwinkle with merriment. The whole face had an expression of quaintness.

He was not only a great soul winner, but a great controversialist as well. He was fond of attacking the Calvinists and also had a controversy with the Quakers, the relic of which remains in a little book addressed to that sect. He always came off best in the argument in which he engaged. His ready wit often placed his opponent in an embarrassing position. Sometimes his use of it bordered on coarseness, but not often. Many more interesting anecdotes might be told of him, picked from his autobiography, but space will not permit. Never forget that he made it his chief business to save men.

XXXV

JOHN HASLAM, TEMPERANCE REFORMER

MANY years ago there might have been seen in a house in northern New York a young Irishman studying his grammar, aided by the youngest daughter of the home where he was staying. He was a young man who felt the call too preach, and was preparing to be examined by the Annual Conference. At times he was out of patience, and would throw the grammar across the room and declare he would never study it again. The young girl, however, encouraged him to continue. This was John Haslam, the young Irishman, not long in this country, but who already displayed some ability as a preacher. The young girl was my great-aunt, the sister of his first wife. He became quite a noted preacher, working principally in the Champlain Valley. We have several amusing and interesting traditions relating to him.

Like many another preacher of his time, his memory was marvelous. He knew the Bible absolutely by heart, and declared that if it were destroyed he could reproduce it word for word. It was his common custom when at my great-grand-

father's to say: "Now let us have prayers; what shall we read? You tell me and get your Bibles, and see if I repeat it correctly." And invariably he would repeat the chapter without a mistake, no matter how unusual a one might be selected.

He became quite active in the temperance movement in that day, and was mobbed at Whitehall, New York, and Burlington, Vermont. The fright of the mob at Burlington, Vermont, led to the death of his wife. In some respects he resembled Billy Hibbard or Peter Cartwright. On one occasion he was entertained at the home of a farmer, and they stayed up rather late Saturday night. This was an unusual proceeding for the farmer, and the next day during service he struggled hard trying to keep his eyes open, but began to nod as a sleepy man will do. Mr. Haslam stopped in the middle of his discourse and remarked to the man half-asleep, "You need not bow to me, sir; I have met you before," and then proceeded with his discourse. On another occasion, at a camp meeting, he was sent to the rear to quell the disturbance made by some rowdies. At first he made more noise than they, but soon had them climbing a large tree to see who would be at the top first, and then when he had them in the tree kept them still by offering a quarter to the one who could keep still the longest.

One of his parishes was very large. While in a

distant part of the parish a Baptist minister took advantage of his absence to proselyte some of the young converts. The next time the two preachers met, Mr. Haslam leaned from his saddle, turned toward the other preacher, and remarked, "You needn't think that you can make goslings out of my chickens."

One old gentleman told me that he heard him preach. After preaching he passed through the congregation for their offerings, while keeping up a constant series of remarks. When he came to my informant, who was then a young boy, he patted him on the head, and said, "You will grow up to be a fine man some day." His spirit was kindly, but he had no mercy for an opponent in controversy.

There are many other amusing and interesting stories of his life the insertion of which the limits of this chapter will not permit.

XXXVI

GEORGE GARY, THE YOUNG PRESIDING ELDER

THE exigency of the work was so great in the early days that often very young men were forced to the front. Among the young men of ability we must count George Gary. He was a man of more than ordinary caliber, judging by the words of commendation given by his contemporaries.

A rather amusing story is told of his first encounter with Billy Hibbard. He was visiting some friends in New England where Billy Hibbard was pastor. At the close of the morning service he introduced himself to the preacher as an exhorter from the woods in York State.

"What is your name?"

"George."

"Have you a license to exhort?"

"No."

"Will you exhort in the church this evening if I make the appointment?"

"Yes, if you wish me to."

At the close of the afternoon service Brother Hibbard said there was a lad present from the woods up in York State who would exhort in the

evening, and invited the congregation to come and hear him. Gary had one of his best times; or, as Bishop Asbury would say, he had an "open time." The entire audience, including the pastor, were filled with astonishment at the performance of the boy. After the sermon Brother Hibbard subjected George to another series of Yankee questions.

"You preached! Are you a preacher?"

"Yes; I try to preach."

"Are you a traveling preacher?"

"Yes; I have a very large circuit."

"In what Conference?"

"Genesee."

"On what district?"

"——— District."

Hibbard pulled a copy of the Minutes from his pocket, found the Genesee Conference and ——— District, glanced over the list of appointments on that district, and began to look serious. He put his finger on the page, looked at each name carefully, and then with a stern look said, "Your name is not here."

"Yes, it is there," said George, pointing to the name at the head of the list—"Gary, presiding elder."

Hibbard bent his keen eye upon him, and surveyed him from head to foot. "But you told me your name was George."

"It is George Gary."

For once the wit confessed himself outwitted.

Mr. Gary was superintendent of our mission in Oregon for four years, 1843-47. At the end of that time he returned to his own Conference, the Black River, and served it for the rest of his days. He was the leader of his General Conference delegation to the General Conference of 1852, and there received the united votes of the Genesee, Oneida, and Black River Conferences for the bishopric.

Dr. George Peck gives him a very strong tribute: "In the pulpit George Gary was a strong man. Not that he always preached great sermons. He sometimes fell below himself, and when this was the case no one knew it better than he did; at others he was quite above himself, and he then created a great sensation. Usually he preached with much deliberation, and was simply instructive; but on great occasions his soul fired up and he was overwhelmingly eloquent. His forte was in the pathetic. When he became thoroughly moved his efforts were the very soul of passion. Persuasion, melting, over-powering eloquence, is the creature of passion, and we never witnessed a more perfect triumph in this line than was often achieved by our much-loved friend when in the zenith of his ministerial life. On the camp ground thousands have melted under his burning words; saints shouted and sinners stood aghast."

Much as we would like to continue this series of articles, we must refrain. Other duties compel us for the present to bid adieu to our much-loved itinerants. I say farewell with regret, for as I have looked down the line of their serried ranks one and another have almost seemed to salute me in order to attract my attention, that I might include them in my list. Abner Chase, William Colbert, William Case, William Black, Henry Ryan, Charles Giles all beckon me, and many more also of the great and lesser worthies of a day now forgotten. What noble, courageous, inspiring men Methodist ministers have been and are! My aim has been in some measure to bring to this generation a sense of the greatness of our heritage. In the great amount of reading necessary for the preparation of these articles, my reverence has grown and my wonder increased as I have closely studied the story of their labors, sympathized with them in their hardships and sorrows, enjoyed their wit and fun, and appreciated their good sense. Only thirty-six men have I presented out of a great host. I really wish I knew how large a host it has been. After a little calculation I venture a guess that more than three hundred and fifty thousand men in America have borne the name of Methodist minister. Probably in the sight of the world most of them would be considered failures. But the day will

come when they shall be presented "faultless before the throne of God." These humble helpers shall be found as a necessary part of God's great plan for the redemption of the race. If we could trace their influence, to our surprise we should find that it was world-wide. Then all hail to the glorious men and their great work, and "Forward" be our watchword, as it was theirs in the toilsome days of long ago.

Some day may we join with them

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light;
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

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